

AUG - 6 1956

For (see 20)

**ANNE CRAIN: The Story That Rocked Hollywood!**

JULY • 25c

# Screenland

PLUS

**TV-LAND**

**Willah Graham's  
Hollywood  
down!**

**Eleanor Powell:  
husband,  
Ann Ford"**

**THIS ISSUE:**

**ace Kelly, Bob Wagner,  
Lisa Pavan, Guy Madison  
a Wynter, Monty Clift**



**MITZI GAYNOR**

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Screen play by JAMES R. WEBB · Adaptation by LIAM O'BRIEN · A SUSAN PRODUCTIONS INC. Picture · Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



AUG - 6 1956

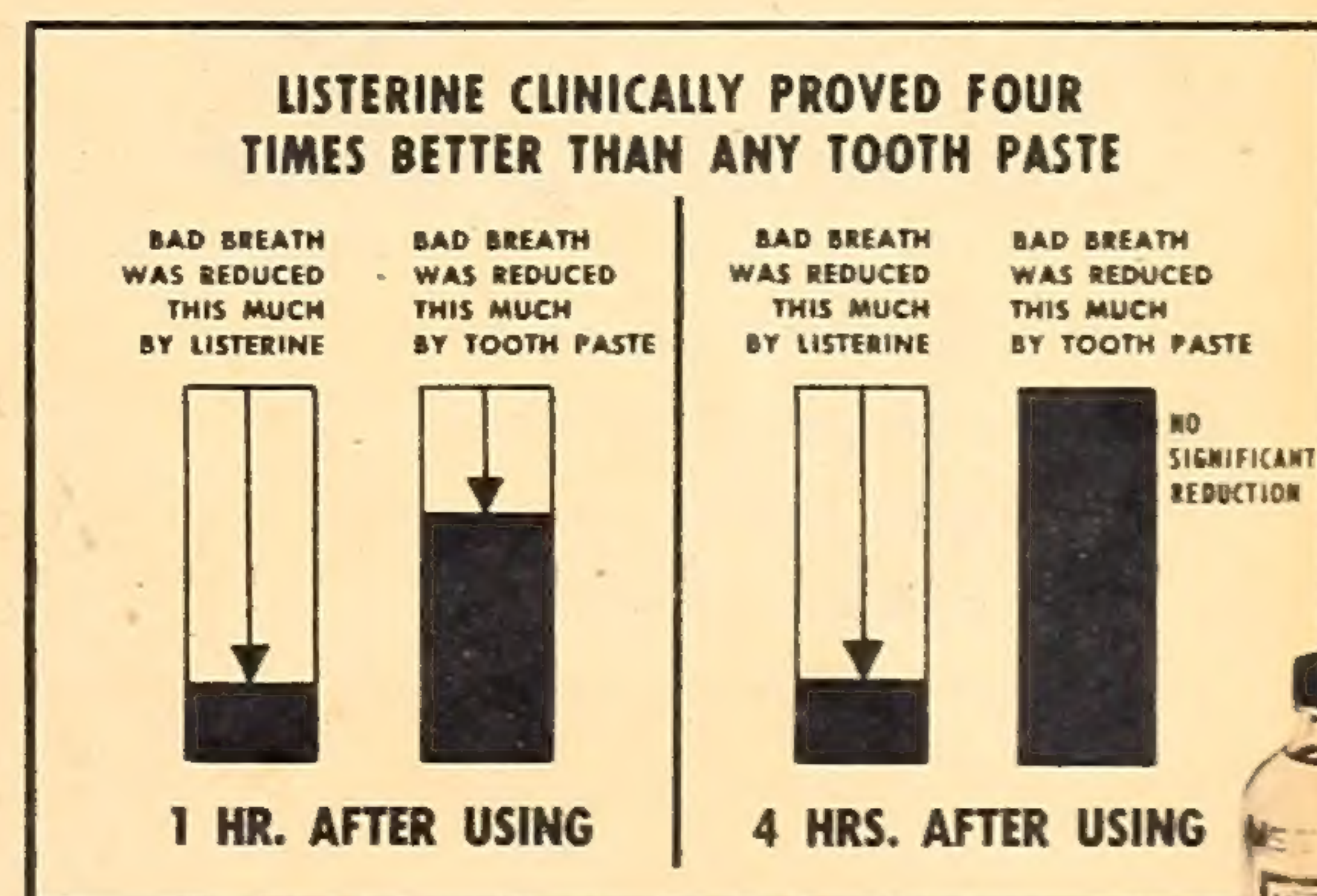


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# Screenland PLUS TV-LAND

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**NED L. PINES**  
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DEBBIE REYNOLDS

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SCREEN PLAY BY GORE VIDAL

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DIRECTED BY RICHARD BROOKS

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AN M-G-M PICTURE



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*Invented by a doctor—  
now used by millions of women*

# HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

**SPANISH SAUCE**—With Ava Gardner living in Madrid and Frank Sinatra going to Spain for "The Pride And The Passion," there's plenty of speculation on whether they might reconcile. Our guess: no. Frankie is having daughter Nancy and son Frank Junior join him in Spain as soon as school lets out. Before he finished "High Society" with Grace Kelly and Bing Crosby, Frankie admitted he plans a TV series for the Fall. He'll produce and star in it.

**LOVIN' LEWIS**—No doubt about it that Jerry Lewis is a devoted husband. Wife Patti stayed home with their new son, Scott Anthony, and missed the Vegas opening, but Jerry arranged to have the entire act—and it was a smash hit—filmed in 16 millimeter so Patti could see it at home. That Jer insists he chose the name for the littlest Lewis because he's always admired Zachary Scott and loved the book "Anthony Adverse," but he's such a clown we don't know for sure whether he's kidding or not! Anyway, he's recovered from his disappointment that the baby wasn't a girl; the Lewises have two other boys.

**SOFT MUSIC**—Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh swore they weren't going to remodel the house they bought, but no sooner had they moved in than they decided to rip out the old kitchen and re-do it com-

pletely. They're also wiring the entire house for hi-fi. That means they can pipe lullabies into the nursery for the expected heir.

**HOME GIRL**—Rock Hudson's bride Phyllis is determined to stay out of his professional life as much as possible, and that's why she didn't go to Nogales with him on the location trip for "Battle Hymn." Phyl wants to be the "homemaker," and didn't even want to go to New York with Rock on his recent p.a. trip, but on that occasion Rock persuaded her to go along for fun. While he was in Nogales she continued hunting for a new house. And they do not want a Japanese modern place as was erroneously reported; they're the "traditional" types.

**LANA'S "SPRIG"**—Lana Turner is arranging a big party for daughter Cheryl's 13th birthday on July 25. Guests will be Cheryl's chums from the boarding school she attends in Pasadena. Lana's a real proud mother and she may well be. Cheryl is a very pretty girl and already taller than her beauteous mom.

**QUIET ONE**—Another of our town's beauties, German import Cornell Borchers, is a big disappointment to the local Wolf Pack. She just hasn't been dating! When she wasn't busy working in "Istanbul" *continued on page 8*



**EXPLODING** flashbulb startles Greg Peck and bride Veronique Passani at dinner party.



**CHANDELIER** earrings sported by Jan Russell seem to awe hubby Bob Waterfield



PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

JAMES  
**STEWART**

DORIS  
**DAY**

in

ALFRED  
HITCHCOCK'S

A  
LITTLE  
KNOWLEDGE  
CAN BE  
A DEADLY  
THING!



"THE  
MAN  
WHO  
KNEW  
TOO  
MUCH"

VISTAVISION  
MOTION PICTURE HIGH FIDELITY



Directed by  
ALFRED HITCHCOCK • JOHN MICHAEL HAYES  
Based on a Story by Charles Bennett and D. B. Wyndham-Lewis  
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR





**"I now have  
peace of mind in  
my married life!"**



**says Mrs. E. Rosen who now  
uses ZONITE to douche!**

**SAFE!** Most women—both married and about-to-be-married—wonder about douching for feminine hygiene. Mrs. Rosen did, and she only found peace of mind when she heard about the importance of following the proper *method* of douching, with a fountain syringe, using an effective yet *safe* solution—like ZONITE.

**EFFECTIVE!** No other type liquid anti-septic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is *so powerfully effective* yet *so safe* to body tissues as ZONITE.

**HEALTHFUL!** ZONITE completely deodorizes, promptly washes away germs and odor-causing waste substances. A nurse once advised Mrs. Rosen that if any abnormal condition exists, she should see her doctor. She said he would probably recommend that she *continue* to use ZONITE.

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# Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

## The Swan

**A**S Prince Alec Guinness points out somewhere along the line in this royal Technicolor meringue, Princess Grace Kelly is not unlike a swan: graceful, serene, beautiful, but awkward on terra firma. The smooth water of Grace's life is her future planned by mother Jessie Royce Landis. Never having recovered from the sting of her family deposed as rightful heirs to some Middle European kingdom, Jessie lives for the day Grace will shinny up the Guinness family tree and shake down some of her father's lost prestige. Much to mama's dismay, Guinness doesn't react to plan. Instead of plucking at frigid Grace's heartstrings, he prefers the more responsive strings of a well-rounded cello. Instead of seething when tutor Louis Jourdan breaks down the princess' crowned barrier, Guinness shoos them off to thrash matters out. On their return, Grace's tiara, slightly askew from her first brush with love, provokes Guinness into an awareness of his duty to the preservation of the true noble line. With Brian Aherne, Agnes Moorehead and Estelle Winwood, this timely, toothsome confection is the closest you'll ever get to a musical without music. (MGM.)



**HANDSOME** Gregory Peck wrestles with his conscience in "Man In The Gray Flannel Suit."

## The Birds And The Bees

**I**N THIS Technicolor re-make of a frisky comedy originally called "The Lady Eve," TV comedian George Gobel takes a quiet plunge into moviedom. As a matter of fact, his initial splash is so low-keyed you'd hardly know he was in the swim if it weren't for vivacious Mitzi Gaynor and her papa, confidence man David Niven, who toss Georgie boy some gayly colored life preservers. Heir to father Fred Clark's hot dog fortune, Gobel is a repressed shy-guy until Mitzi and Niven decided to "take him"—as we old con artists say. But love is sometimes stronger than the lure of loot. Mitzi is willing to reform when Gobel is tipped off about her nefarious career. From then on it's a matter of girl chases boy, and boy thinks it's peachy-George. (Paramount.)

## The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit

**A**CCUSED by his wife Jennifer Jones as lacking the guts to better himself Gregory Peck takes a job with a broadcasting company and is immediately taken under wing by Fredric March, the presi-

*continued on page 74*



**PRINCESS** Grace Kelly and tutor Lou Jourdan have moment of bliss in "The Swan."



**"MY LOVER...MY ENEMY..."**

Jealousy...hate...betrayal  
set the torch to peaceful frontier Denver...  
and Civil War begins...2000 miles from the front!

EDMUND GRAINGER presents

# **GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING**

*Robert Hardy Andrews'  
stirring best-seller!*

starring

**VIRGINIA MAYO • ROBERT STACK • RUTH ROMAN**

co-starring

**ALEX NICOL**

with

**RAYMOND BURR  
LEO GORDON • REGIS TOOMEY**

***SUPERSCOPE***

Print by  
**TECHNICOLOR**

Distributed by  
**R K O  
RADIO  
PICTURES**

Directed by **JACQUES TOURNEUR** • Screenplay by **LESSER SAMUELS** • Produced by **EDMUND GRAINGER**



# Sheilah Graham's HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN



**PRETTY** young stars Shirley Jones and Joan Collins exchange chit-chat during 'gay soiree.



**HUSBAND** Dick Powell, in a jovial mood, gives June Allyson an affectionate squeeze.



**LOVELY** Gina Lollobrigida, a collector of toy dolls and animals, shows off a favorite.

**H**ELLO AGAIN, and here I am once more to report on the undercover and outer-cover goings-on in this fabulous land of Hollywood, where diamonds really are a girl's best friend, as Princess Grace may soon discover. When she married Prince Rainier in that glittering, glamorous, fairy-tale wedding in Monaco in April, she not only acquired a Prince but a family fortune in royal jewels, valued conservatively at close to a million. Plus a slue of titles including three marquises, seven countesses, six baronesses, and two dames. But I doubt whether anyone will ever refer to Her Grace as **THAT DAME**.

I had an interesting chat with Anita Ekberg who was bulging out of a low cut, figger-mauling satin sheath two sizes too small for her obviously, and she told me, surprisingly, that she is now terribly serious about her movie career. "I got a bad reputation in the beginning because I didn't report to the Nassour Brothers when they wanted me to swing from a tree, like Tarzan, in 'Sheena, Queen Of The Jungle.' I'm not the type. And at that time I was so unhappy with my immigration troubles, I went to see them to get a visa for work and they said, 'Aha, now that we've found you we're sending you back to Sweden.' I didn't have enough money for eggs in the icebox," said the Ekberg who is sometimes erroneously referred to as the Iceberg. As for marriage plans with British actor, Anthony Steele, "We'll marry when he settles his contract in England with Arthur Rank and can come here to live. I love him more than I've ever loved any other man."

To go back to Grace Kelly, I love this advice given to her publicly—"From one Princess to another," by Dawn Addams who married Prince Massimo who has a much longer pedigree of nobility than Prince Rainier. Said the Dawn coming up like thunder—"Stick to your career, but don't let it run your life. Make friends with your husband's family." And among other unasked-for counselling, "Behave just as you would at home." And it was interesting to read what Dawn had to say of the nobility of Europe, "Once they're convinced you are tops in your class, they'll be as eager to meet you as a bunch of autograph hunters in bobby-sox." And she wasn't kidding. The so-called nobility or what-have-you are more impressed with success than the successful.

Incidentally, Jean Pierre Aumont, the beau Frenchman who preceded Prince Rainier in the heart of Grace, won't be able to give Italian star Marisa Pavan a principality over which to rule, but he has given her his love which is also important. Despite the great difference in their ages—Jean is 43 and Marisa barely 23—this is a real love match and I'm sure they'll both be very happy. One thing I hope it accomplishes—bring Marisa and twin sister Pier close together again. They haven't been the warmest of friends since Pier

*continued on page 14*





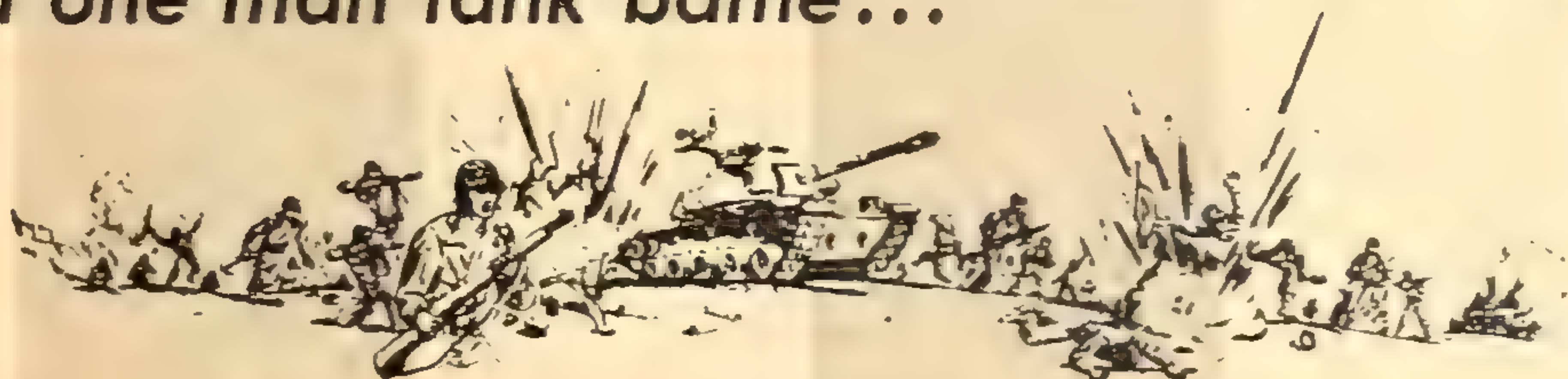
The story of events  
that made a bold  
woman out of a  
lovely young girl...  
and brave fighting  
men out of boys who  
played at living!



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# The **BOLD** and the **BRAVE**

*breath-taking as a one man tank battle...*



*impassioned as its war-weary lovers... an unforgettable experience!*

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**COREY**

MICKEY  
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DON  
**TAYLOR**

NICOLE  
**MAUREY**



with  
**JOHN SMITH · RACE GENTRY**

**SUPERSCOPE**



A HAL E. CHESTER Production  
Directed by LEWIS R. FOSTER  
Story and Screenplay by ROBERT LEWIN



continued

married Vic Damone a year and a half ago.

Edmund Purdom visits Tita oftener since the divorce than he saw her when they were married. It seems they don't quarrel so much. Tita certainly is tops in frankness. When she was asked if she thought Linda Christian and Purdom would marry, she replied, "Oh no, she'll never marry Edmund. He doesn't have enough money for her". . . . Hedy Lamarr takes no count of time it seems. She paid a visit to town recently (personally I think that Texas, where she moved when she married Howard Lee, is not a happy place for her any more), and when asked to do a picture, these were her terms: \$150,000 plus 10 per cent of the gross and a Lincoln Continental as a bonus. I hear the offer was withdrawn.

Marlon Brando's disapproving shadow was obviously in the room at teatime when I asked 20-year-old brunette beauty, Josiane Berenger, "Are you and Marlon still engaged to marry?" She was about to reply when her chair collapsed and the French actress disappeared under the table with a terrible clatter. When we could stop laughing, Josiane surprised me with, "Yes, we are still engaged." Then she murmured something about no date set for the wedding, because of the unpleasant publicity at the beginning. Josiane, whom I found charming, is as unpredictable as Marlon. When she first met playwright William Saroyan, she was so impressed that afterwards, she and her roommate drove to Bill's Malibu home to lay white camellias along his beachfront as a tribute.

Kathy Grant, Bing's long-time girl friend (they've been dating almost two years now), has finally entered the Catholic Church, and is a member of the same parish as Bing, which I believe adds up to

a wedding. Bing is getting more and more in the mood for marriage, particularly since his boys have practically all grown up and want to be completely on their own. . . . Errol Flynn is moaning low to the press that he's broke after forking over close to \$900,000 in back taxes to the government, but I have it on the word of a fellow-worker of his on "Istanbul," and also a close friend, that Errol would never have to buckle a swash again, and still be able to live very comfortably from his investments in Jamaica.

A romance that I think is serious—Richard Egan and Patricia Hardy. Dick hasn't been dating anyone else, and the other night he took Pat to dinner with his parents and his brother, Father Willard Egan. When a fellow introduces his best girl to his family—well, draw your own conclusions. I've drawn mine—although when I ask Dick about marriage, he smiles and turns the conversation to less controversial topics—like fishing.

Eva Marie Saint is getting \$400,000 for the three pictures she signed to make at MGM. She does one a year and has lots of time to make another fortune at another studio. . . . Joan Crawford, explaining the motivating force in her life: "Love—to me love is everything. A woman has to be wanted, needed, giving—or she is nothing." Well, with four husbands, and innumerable sweethearts, Joan has had a lot of motivating force in her life.

June Allyson is still burning over the back-handed accolade she received from a college publication that gets publicity by lampooning stars. The so-called award was given to her because she's a star "who, with eternal girlish homeyness, an aura of fresh-baked, deep-dish apple pie like mother used to make and an endless supply of tears, bravely but vainly attempts to resist the onslaught of advancing years."

Keenan Wynn, who used to be a motorcycle fiend, told me that if Jimmy Dean had ever had an accident before, if he'd



**MAKING** her camera debut is Maureen Ann Blyth, daughter of Ann Blyth and Dr. Jim McNulty.

ever suffered a broken leg, he'd still be alive today. "That's because he would have become a more careful driver." Fortunately for the world, the camera caught Jimmy in three unforgettable portrayals in "East Of Eden," "Rebel Without a Cause" and "Giant," and his memory will live much longer than he did.

Lauren Bacall put her foot down, and henceforth husband Humphrey Bogart will take it easier. "He's been working too hard and I'm going to see that he gets a lot more rest than he's been getting." And what Baby wants, Baby gets in that household. . . . She was completely worn out from her vigil at Bogey's bedside when he had that throat operation, and his relapse when he coughed, broke his stitches and he was rushed to surgery again. She dropped pounds and pounds and pounds of weight. . . . And speaking of weight, June Allyson is down to a mere 91 pounds. Ann Blyth is just as beanpole-ish, "but I'm doing everything I can to put on some weight," she smiled at me. "I never

## The winners of the 1955 Academy Performance Awards



**BEST** Male Acting Award is presented to Ernest Borgnine by Grace Kelly, a '54 winner.



**OSCARS** for the Best Supporting Players were won by Jo Van Fleet and Jack Lemmon.



**TOP** Actress Award went to Anna Magna for her superb performance in "Rose Tattoo"





**SON** Robertino gives Ingrid Bergman a big hug. She will soon be seen in "Anastasia."

seem to stop eating, but nothing seems to happen." And even Natalie Wood has the thin problem. I met her at a restaurant recently dining with Raymond Burr (now there's an odd combination!) and she was eating a plateful of mashed potatoes and nothing else. Oh, if only I had that problem! But mine's the reverse.

Jerry Lewis, father of three boys, is determined to have a girl. He's even checking with Eddie Cantor on this matter. I also learned that Jerry and his partner, Dean, are the two most thoroughly dressed men in Hollywood. According to their tailor, they order between 60 and 70 suits a year each. I don't know a single feminine star who buys that many dresses.

Never has the career of Elizabeth Taylor looked brighter than it does now. With "Giant," "Raintree County" and "Marjorie Morningstar" all in a row, what more could an actress ask for? I'm glad to hear her insistence that her marriage is on the same even keel as her career. . . . And Tab Hunter is no longer unhappy with his career now that he's back working steadily. Warners have finally realized what a valuable property they have in Tab and intend to keep him before the cameras consistently from now on—which makes not only Tab, but his fans, happy. In his next, "The Yanks Are Here," Tab plays a U.S. Army lieutenant who sets up a school for kids abroad.

According to Cary Grant, his wife, Betsy Drake, hypnotizes him frequently. As he exclaimed on a recent occasion: "That woman—she hypnotized me so I wouldn't smoke today!" And he didn't. Shades of Bridey Murphy. An interviewer once asked Cary, "Is Grace Kelly really cold?" In his most urbane manner, Cary replied, "I have played love scenes with her and can truthfully say she is not cold to the touch. Elsewhere, I wouldn't be knowing". . . . An agent sent a television script to Dan Dailey, with a note asking him to read it immediately. Dan read it and returned it, with a negative answer. A few weeks later, the agent sent the same script

*continued on page 72*

*The HAPPIEST PICTURE of the year!*



...all about a bachelor "father,"  
a trusting young mother and  
a little boy's outlandish theories  
about the birds and the bees!



*Universal International presents*  
**JEFF CHANDLER**  
**LARAINÉ DAY**

**TIM HOVEY**

**TOY  
TIGER**

That hilarious little boy who  
drove "Major Benson" crazy!



*It's got that  
'TOY TIGER'  
TUNE!*

PRINT BY **Technicolor**



with **CECIL KELLAWAY • RICHARD HAYDN**

Directed by **JERRY HOPPER** Screen Story and Screenplay by **TED SHERDEMAN** Produced by **HOWARD CHRISTIE**



JEANNE CRAIN:

# *The story that rocked Hollywood!*

By MARK DAYTON

**The town's astonished reaction to Jeanne's divorce suit against Paul Brinkman was, "We never believed it possible!"**



**THE HOPE** that Jeanne's almost ideally happy 11-year marriage to Paul Brinkman may be saved is held by many of their friends.

**T**HREE nights after the startling news of the Jeanne Crain marriage bust-up erupted in headlines, I attended a press preview of a forthcoming movie in which a forbearing Marine captain tells an enlisted man, "What you have done is inexcusable—but what you can't excuse, you forgive!"

A stunned Hollywood, still reeling from the shock of the blow-up of possibly the most idyllic marriage in the screen capital, is watching developments in awed fascination, wondering whether the lovely, titian-haired mother of four children will eventually forgive the father of those youngsters the alleged wrongs she cannot find it in her heart to excuse.

When Jeanne Crain petitioned the courts for an end to her 11-year marriage to handsome Paul Brinkman, she provided the city of magic lanterns and ephemeral wedlock with a new twist to a familiar play. The usual reaction to a Hollywood divorce is, "I told you so." The astonished reaction to this bombshell was, "I never would have believed it possible!"

There still was, as this was written, a hard crust of skepticism that the dreamy-looking erstwhile bobby-soxer who has recently moved into sophisticated roles would go through with her drastic action.

When I asked Brinkman's attorney, Robert H. Powsner, if there was any possibility of a kiss-and-make-up party between his client and the beautiful woman who had accused him of "extreme cruelty" he left the door wide open.

"Any chances for reconciliation," Powsner told me pleasantly, "Mr. Brinkman will consider with an open mind."

There was another possibly significant straw in the wind. Although Brinkman had left the new family home in Beverly Hills, when I phoned there almost a week after the divorce action was filed, the maid who picked up the phone, said, "The Brinkman residence," and when I asked if Jeanne Crain was in she said, "Mrs. Brinkman is not in," and then told me when "Mrs. Brinkman," not Miss Crain, was expected to return.

Of course, it is commonplace for divorcees to retain their married names, particularly when children are involved. On the other hand, it would seem that if Jeanne Crain had closed

*continued on page 18*





**FOREBODING** of Jeanne's angry suit against Paul may be seen in pre-divorce action photo.



## Her happy marriage, blessed by four children, was thought invulnerable when the bombshell burst



**LOVELY** Jeanne maintained her bobby-sox figure even after she had four children, easily qualified for recent "sophisticated" roles.

all avenues to reconciliation, and wanted to sever every last tie with her estranged mate, she might have instructed her maid to revert to the use of her maiden name.

Many other factors support the popular belief—and hope—that Jeanne and the man she married over her mother's bitter objections would pick up the pieces and try again. Jeanne is a devout Catholic, and her husband is of the same faith. It is doubted that she will find it possible to throw away 11 years of life with Brinkman, rewarded with four lovely children, out the window.

Yet Jeanne's own family and one of her closest confidantes do not share such optimism.

"Uh, uh," a trusted friend of Jeanne's shook her head solemnly as she told me, "I don't think they'll get together. This is not something that happened overnight. They've been having problems for the past two years, and they finally came to a head. Nothing comes about overnight."

**T**HIS was an opinion straight from the horse's mouth. My informant was one of the few people to whom Jeanne had talked after she had gone into seclusion in the wake of her divorce action.

Another line of speculation arguing against the likelihood of a rapprochement is the fact that there was none of the vacillation of a trial separation—or even a legal separation, which Catholics frequently resort to when a marriage fails, because of their religion's unalterable opposition to divorce.

Brinkman's own appraisal of his wife when she has her dander up, an observation he offered several years ago, could well represent a ghost returned to haunt, for it certainly would not seem to augur much hope for a marriage patch-up.

"Although she's never belligerent or argumentative," Paul had pointed out, "Jeanne won't sacrifice honesty for diplomacy's sake. Her full Irish is aroused at any injustice. She never follows the line of least mental resistance."

There was no doubt that "her full Irish" was aroused when she socked Brinkman with her divorce complaint. California law does not require such drastic grounds for dissolving a marriage, but an obviously angered Jeanne put it right on the line. She accused Brinkman of extreme cruelty and charged that he had "inflicted personal injury and violence" upon her without justification or provocation. She went on to characterize his conduct as greatly detrimental to her health and the cause of terrible mental anguish.

"If it comes to court," her friend told me, "there will be plenty to write about, but if it's settled out of court, as I hope it will be, there will not."

It was impossible to stem speculation on the events that impelled Jeanne to batter down the bonds of matrimony which for so long had held her an ostensibly willing captive.

Hollywood was agog with reports—published and whispered—that the climactic fireworks were touched off by an article in an exposé magazine purporting to offer documented proof of Brinkman's indiscretions with a starlet whom he was alleged to have met under Jeanne's very nose at a Hollywood cocktail party. The inescapable supposition in Hollywood was that Jeanne must have remonstrated with him over the alleged revelations in the scandal magazine.

Jeanne's confidante, however, insisted that the article, however inflammatory, was not actually the decisive factor.

"It wasn't the main cause," she assured me. "There wasn't any main cause. Jeanne took her marriage very seriously, but





**PROTECTIVE** arm was thrown around daughter, Jeanine, during recent train ride at Griffith Park, a children's playland near Hollywood.

it just became such that for her own well being and that of the children, she decided it would be better to separate."

Nevertheless, it is difficult to overlook, in fairness to Brinkman, the possibility that his last argument with Jeanne may have raged over his denial of the accusations hurled by the exposé magazine. It could not be considered beyond the realm of possibility that he tried to offer Jeanne an explanation of the damaging circumstantial evidence which was adduced to portray him as a mate who had strayed from the fold, an explanation that may have argued his innocence.

His attorney, in fact, made it clear to me that Brinkman does deny the scandalous allegations published against him. When I asked Powsner if Brinkman intends to join the long list of Hollywood personalities who have million-dollar libel suits pending against various exposé magazines, he told me:

"A libel suit is very definitely under consideration. Such action is contemplated, but it will wait until the settling down of his domestic affairs."

The clear implication of his lawyer's statements to me was that Brinkman's order of business was first to get back to his wife, and second to go after the magazine which had challenged his fidelity. Whether he is destined to succeed in either

or both of these objectives is a drama yet to be played out.

To be sure, despite the fact that theirs had been celebrated as one of Hollywood's most ideal and invulnerable marriages, there had been occasional—very occasional—reports of friction in gossip columns. But these reports never were taken seriously, and when they were published Jeanne and Paul were quick to deny that they had given the slightest consideration to separation. And no one, even in this gilded hotbed of skepticism, had thought to doubt these denials.

Quite the contrary, Jeanne Crain's marriage was one of the happy phenomena to which Hollywood pointed with pride to refute charges that the city was a glorified divorce mill. The principals to the marriage contributed greatly to the impression that theirs was a marriage made in heaven.

Their happiness and devotion were so completely unquestioned, that for years the Hollywood press corps was hard put to come up with anything colorful about gorgeous Jeanne.

"Jeanne's exemplary home life," an Associated Press story observed, "probably has worked against her getting meaty roles. She's married to Paul Brinkman, a manufacturer. He's the only husband she's ever had. They have four children. The whole family goes to church every Sunday. It's hard to

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**JEANNE CRAIN** continued

**Many friends hoped for a reconciliation**



**JEANNE** married in 1945 over the objections of her mother that she was "too young" and allegations that Brinkman was a playboy.



## between lovely Jeanne and Paul

make front page headlines out of such normal living."

As events were to reveal, one never knows what turmoil may be broiling behind the facade of a perfect marriage, or what front page headlines may be incubating under the surface.

Jeanne herself continually waxed unashamedly idyllic about her marriage. Not only was there nothing in her earlier utterances to suggest the remotest awareness of the gathering storm, but some of her recent professions of marital fealty have been invested with a cutting cloak of irony.

"To me," Jeanne told me on the set of "The Second Greatest Sex" at Universal-International following her return from Paris where she had filmed "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," "if a married person does go out where the rest of society can misconstrue it, it must mean your love for your husband is not so great, even if it would hurt your husband only in public opinion. If a thing looks like something is happening, even if it isn't happening, it's just as bad, really. You must never let yourself get in such a position."

It was obvious then, and even more obvious now, that Jeanne wasn't making idle chatter when she spelled out the strict code of conduct to which she held herself, and by the same token, to which she presumed her husband held himself.

**W**HEN she first moved into sophisticated parts in pictures, Jeanne had remarked, "Thus ends one phase of my life and career. I was grateful for what I was. And I'm looking forward to what I hope to be."

All the time she sensed that she was growing—but she had no discernible suspicion that she and Paul would grow apart. They were head over heels in love when they married—disregarding the protests of Jeanne's mother that she was too young—on December 31, 1945.

She had blissfully turned a deaf ear to warnings that her good-looking husband was a playboy, and the customary dire admonitions that her marriage wouldn't last a year. And in marrying Paul she had gaily gone back on her own statement of a few months earlier:

"We used to have such fun, but now I am embarrassed to go dancing with him because everyone tries to get us engaged. I'm not going to marry anyone. My life is much too exciting as it is right now."

Perhaps history is destined to repeat itself. Perhaps a Jeanne Crain who tearfully rules out the possibility of a reconciliation in the flush of indignation may come to consider a reunion with Paul Brinkman in the light of reflection.

Perhaps her mother's statement on the heels of her marriage more than ten years ago offers an inadvertent clue to the final act in this drama. When news of the wedding reached her, Mrs. Loretta Crain revealed:

"A week ago Saturday I told Mr. Brinkman over the phone that Jeanne couldn't go out with him. The next thing I knew he was pounding on the door and calling for my daughter. Jeanne said she would just go out and talk to him. But instead, he took her by the hand, they ran down the steps, and I haven't seen Jeanne since. On Christmas Eve, Jeanne returned and got her mink coat and some dresses. Neighbors tell me that Mr. Brinkman got in through the window."

It remains to be seen whether Paul Brinkman will be as forceful—and as successful—in winning back Jeanne Crain as he was in courting her.

Meanwhile, there is persuasive evidence that her decision to divorce him caught Brinkman by almost as much surprise as those who read about it in the newspapers. A few days earlier, Jeanne had proudly showed friends a diamond crucifix Paul had given her for her birthday. In mid-March, Paul was



**CLINCHES** like this one were the rule during Jeanne and Paul's married life. Will Brinkman be successful in winning Jeanne back?

his usual attentive self, his arm in Jeanne's as I interviewed them together when I emceed the Hollywood searchlight premiere of Joe Pasternak's autobiography, "Easy The Hard Way." Up to the time of the break-up, they were as they had always been—one of Hollywood's most inseparable couples.

Ironically, they had just vacated their home in the Hollywood Hills, of which Jeanne frequently had boasted that Paul had built it himself bit by bit. They had not even unpacked in their new Beverly Hills home when Jeanne decided to divorce Brinkman. It hadn't even been furnished yet. There were just some beds, a few chairs, and uncrated packing boxes.

Would Paul Brinkman come home to help Jeanne unpack? Hollywood waits anxiously to learn who is right—those who feel a reconciliation is inevitable, or those who feel a reconciliation is out of the question.

**END**







MARISA PAVAN:

# Love on the rebound?

**Despite recent romantic setbacks, there were far more positive reasons for the Marisa-Jean Pierre marriage**

**By BILL TUSHER**

**“W**E ALL confidently expected him to marry Grace Kelly. How can we be so sure he'll marry Marisa Pavan?”

The *pièce de résistance* of the day, the announcement of frail Marisa Pavan's engagement to dashing Jean Pierre Aumont—who gave them his answer when he married Marisa on March 27th—was getting its inevitable workover at a Hollywood cocktail party, where Monday morning quarterbacking gallops along between *hors d'œuvres*.

“Are you kidding?” was the amused rejoinder. “It was Jean Pierre who was eager to do the buying. Grace Kelly was still shopping when the Prince came along. The marriage may have been made on reject row, but as far as little Marisa is concerned, it has the stamp of heaven. For her, Jean Pierre is the catch of a lifetime.”

Even before it reached the betrothal stage, the Aumont-Pavan romance had whispers of “rebound” prairie-firing across Hollywood. While Jean Pierre and Marisa professed their love—and displayed it—all over town, the kibitzers doggedly kept echoing, “Rebound!”

With Jean Pierre, they saw it as a simple rebound from the heady perfume of his romance with Grace Kelly. With Marisa, it was more of a ricochet than a rebound.



**ROSY** glow of Marisa and Jean Pierre shows no tinge of blue. Smitten as he was by her Grace, Aumont seems totally recovered.

This impressionable olive-skinned unidentical twin of Pier Angeli has admitted, without naming the objects of her unrequited affection, that she has been in love twice before. Most of her friends are convinced that one of the anonymous two on whom she had her altar sight—and her heart—set was young Ben Cooper, who played her boy friend in her Academy Award picture, “Rose Tattoo.” Nine months of dating Arthur Loew Jr. leave him the leading candidate for the other abortive love.

Although Marisa is party-shy, and in a sense even man-shy, she has arm-in-armed it with many ranking Hollywood eligibles—some of the more recent ones being young Tom Tryon of Paramount and talented music arranger Pete Rugolo. She has been squired by Richard Egan and Perry Lopez, too. And before Vic Damone up and married her sister, Pier, she gave off the impression that she had quite a crush on him.

With the advent of Jean Pierre, all this flitting from boy friend to boy friend was over for Marisa, and no doubt this lifted a tremendous weight from her. For it long has been obvious that she never has enjoyed transient friendship. She is a mature, somewhat solemn girl, with no sign of a frivolous

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## Marisa and Jean Pierre have known enough of love to accept joyously their mutual devotion



**DATES** with Arthur Loew, Jr., continued for nine months. Serious by nature, Marisa may have liked him more than she acknowledged.

**AUMONT** remained devoted to his first wife, lovely Maria Montez, until her untimely death. He's not likely to love Marisa less strongly.



bone in her slight body. Being a Hollywood gadabout is a role to which neither her disposition nor her ambition in life suit her. Although for some time now she has ceased moving in the shadow of sister Pier, it nevertheless has been apparent that she has felt a thirst for the serenity and stability of marriage to a man of her own dreams. She wants, quite understandably, to be a full woman, and it would be harsh to suggest that this feeling is nothing more than a compulsion to keep up with her sister, toward whom her love always has been tempered with a rivalry that, she admits, dates back to their childhood.

Marisa's desire to minimize the depth of Jean Pierre's unrequited love for Grace Kelly warrants nothing but heartfelt commiseration, but the sympathy has been accompanied by wide waves of snickering touched off by the wishful statement she made when she officially announced her engagement to Aumont.

"He didn't know her too long," Marisa said bravely. "That was more publicity than anything else."

Who could condemn a love-smitten young woman for wanting to believe this fiction? Who could quarrel even with Aumont himself for trying to swallow this rationalization in the light of Grace's accession to royalty?

But facts do not yield to sentiment. Jean Pierre's ardent professions of love for Grace are spread on the record. If publicity figured in any way in that flaming courtship, it seemed that Aumont might have been employing it as a weapon to help induce Miss Kelly to become his bride.

Unfortunately, there is nothing to support the fanciful notion of publicity. On Grace's part, she personally has a deep-seated aversion to the glare of publicity on her private life, and professionally, she needed the publicity like a hole in her golden head. Why would Jean Pierre and Miss Kelly have whipped up an ersatz romance to publicize? They were not making or contemplating any movie or stage play together. They were in no joint business venture.

In fact, the tender candid pictures of their hand-kissing and cheekstroking on the Riviera were bootlegged by an enterprising French-magazine photographer who used a telescopic lens to intrude on their private idyll.

**J**EAN PIERRE scarcely was making publicity noises when he put his heart on the line for newsmen, and running over with Gallic ardor, he announced for all the world to hear: "She is an adorable and sensational woman any man would be proud and pleased to marry."

He was, to be sure, proposing from the public square. And to give him his due, his blandishments did not fall on indifferent ears until Prince Rainier materialized with an even more dazzling promise of a Continental future.

Aumont continued to avow his devotion to Miss Kelly in public, and he left it abundantly clear that there was nothing he more devoutly desired than to make the exciting Philadelphia beauty his wife.

"There is no one but Grace who counts for me," he confessed unashamedly. "She is charming, adorable, very intelligent and very modest despite her beauty."

And, as he later was to discover, also very elusive—perhaps because of her beauty.

At any rate, Aumont's petition for Grace Kelly's hand in marriage, while it made titillating reading, was no publicity

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**BOY FRIEND** in "The Rose Tattoo," Ben Cooper may have touched Marisa's heart, but it only prepared her for a more mature love.



ERNEST BORGNINE



**BONING UP** on the day's lineup, Borgnine looks pleased. He's subway-bound to Yankee Stadium in the Bronx where New York will take on the Baltimore Orioles.

**Ernest Borgnine keeps both eyes on the ball as he inspects the New York haunts of "Marty" and his pals**

**"THE UMP'S** got rocks in his head." Borgnine's mobile face, a great asset in his acting career, registers dismay.

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# "Marty"

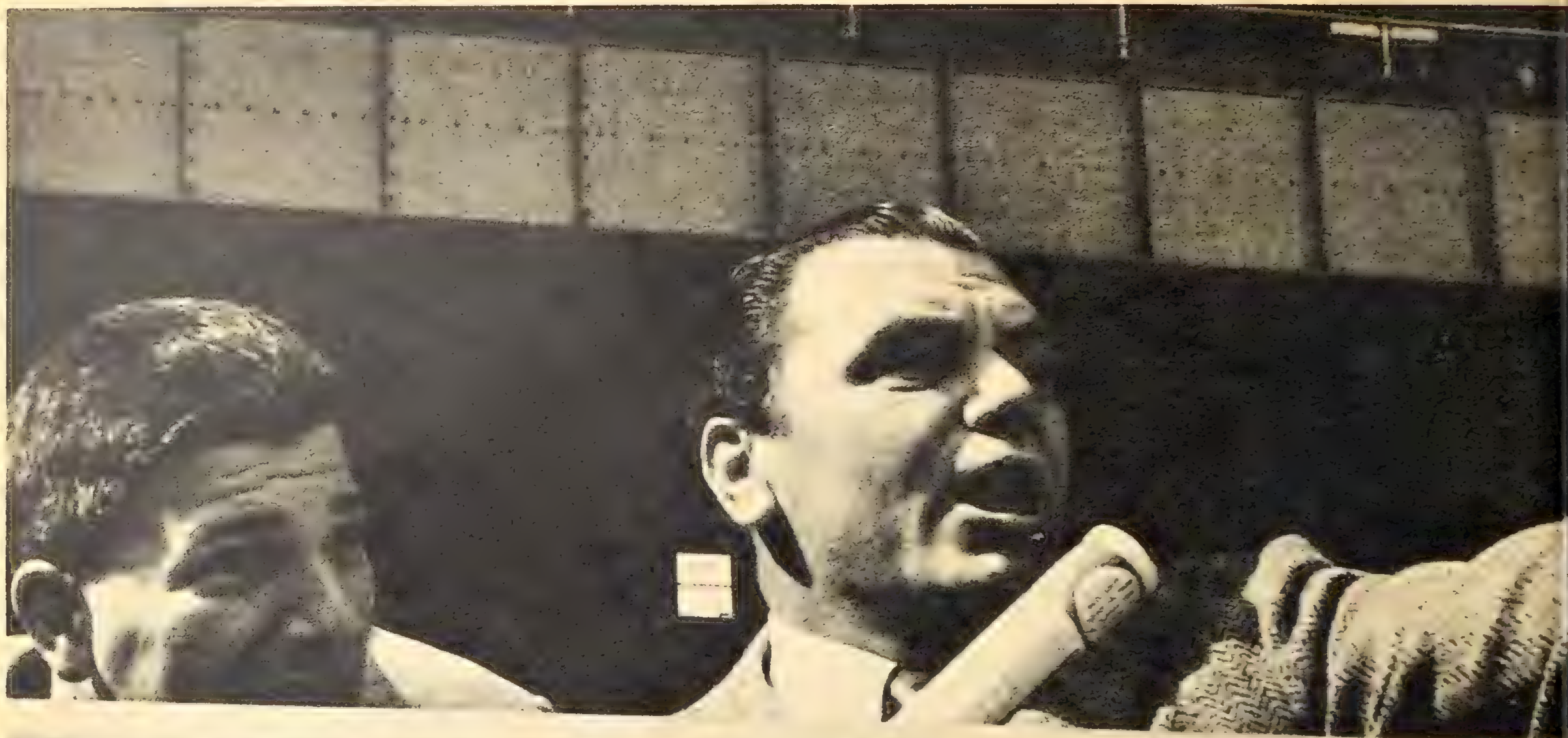




# *in the Bronx*







**"STRIKE HIM** out, Whitey," shouts Borgnine. A champ in his own right, his "Marty" won both the Critics' and Academy Awards for 1955.



**From "batter up" to the  
last out, baseball fan Borgnine  
really gets in there and  
roots for the Yanks not far from  
the home base of "Marty"**

**"COME ON, Mickey boy!"** If you think Borgnine's excited, you should see him when the Dodgers play.





**"WE SHOULD** of had them," Borgnine insists to his pal during a subway post mortem of the game. He's now in "The Catered Affair."

**END**







DEBBIE REYNOLDS

# *Inside Debbie's Honeymoon Home*

**Housekeeping in a huge**

**By BOB THOMAS**

**home on a six-acre estate would**

**throw many a young bride,**

**but not Debbie, who**

**takes it all in her stride**

**W**HEN Debbie Reynolds breezed (she always travels that way) into the MGM commissary, she looked the very picture of a modern young matron. She was dressed sedately in a blue suit and even wore a hat. Not much of a hat, but a hat. What's more, she even brought along her in-laws, Mr. and Mrs. Max Stupp, Eddie Fisher's mom and her husband.

Debbie explained that the Stupps were visiting the Fishers, and she was going all out to entertain them. She craned her neck to point out various celebrities who were lunching there.

I told her I'd like to know about her house and home.

"What's the difference?" she asked, wide-eyed.

"Well," I stumbled, "the house is the physical structure and the home is what you make of it."

She thought about that for a while and then began to talk about the house. Shortly after they were married, she and Eddie delegated her mother to do some house shopping for them, since the newlyweds were stuck in the East. But Mrs. Reynolds fell ill, and Debbie had to fly out for a quick look-see at the real estate situation. For two whole days she tramped through one house after another. She had just about given up hope when the real estate agent suggested that she look at just one more house.

"Does it have a swimming pool?" Debbie asked. When told

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**RELAXING** in the Pacific Palisades home they rented for a year, Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher are a picture of domestic bliss.



**DEBBIE REYNOLDS** continued

## Making a home for her ever-lovin' Eddie

it didn't, she said, "Then it won't do. Eddie's only request was for a house with a pool."

"Let's look at it, anyway," urged the agent.

Debbie was too tired to argue, so she went along. She fell in love with the place immediately.

"It wasn't a pretentious house," she explained, "but it was large enough for our needs."

The only stumbling block was Eddie's desire for a pool. The owners promptly solved that by promising to install one. There are six acres of ground around the house. "It's all in natural growth," Debbie pointed out, "so we don't have to worry about that upkeep."

She borrowed a pen and said, "Here—I'll show you how the place looks." And she sketched out a map on her place mat. I'm afraid she won't go far as a cartographer, but I got the general idea.

"You turn off Sunset Boulevard and go through some stone gates," she demonstrated. "Then you drive along rows of oak trees until you pass what we call the barn. It's a large building that had once been used for church camp grounds. Now the owners store furniture in it.

"The road curves and you go past the guest house! That has a big room for parties, a kitchen and a couple of bedrooms. In front of it will be the pool, and we'll be able to live in that

**AT HOME** with their pet dog. Debbie's dream of a family—a big one—gets under way with the arrival of the stork next November.





is Debbie's major project now



**IN THE** rustic setting of a lovely farmhouse, the Fishers are settling down to a more normal way of life, with traveling out for a while.

area this summer. Eddie can do his rehearsing there; he now does it in the main house.

"You continue on the road and come to the main house. It is a long, rambling place with the master bedroom at one end, overlooking the pool. Then there are dressing rooms, a little den, a small room Eddie uses for his office and the bedroom the folks are staying in.

"The living room is immense. It has a bar next to it, so it seems even bigger than it is. We have the TV set in the living room and a 16mm projector, so we spend most of our time there. There's a huge couch, six feet long by six feet wide and filled with down. It'll hold four people or more and we lie on it Roman-style and watch TV or a movie in complete luxury. You can see why it's our favorite room.

**B**YOND the living room is a sunken dining room and the kitchen, which is monstrous. Then to one side of the house is the servants' quarters."

This sounded like an immense operation for a young newlywed to manage, but Debbie, who has always led a well-organized life, said she takes it all in stride. The chore would be difficult for any wife, but would appear more so for a gal who must spend from dawn until dark at the studio when she's working in a picture.

"I've managed to keep things on an even keel," she said. "I work out a schedule, plan the meals and do some of the cleaning in my spare moments."

Cleaning?

"Sure," she replied. "Before the folks came to visit us, I was up at seven in the morning and worked until midnight. I wanted to have the place shiny and clean when they got here."

Working out a schedule is a difficult chore, she admitted.



**ROMANCE** of Debbie and Eddie had some rough going but their marriage is solid and they haven't had to make too many adjustments.

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**"THE CATERED AFFAIR":** In her latest film, Debbie's a girl eager for marriage but who must cope with family complications.



**SCENE** shows Bette Davis and Debbie in "The Catered Affair."

## Combining wifely duties with a

Not only does she have to figure her own work dates and personal commitments, but Eddie's heavy schedule too. She also has to take into account the working arrangements of her friends, most of them in show business.

**F**OR INSTANCE, we were going to have a dinner for Peggy King's third wedding anniversary," she said. "But Peg had to do a TV show on the night we planned. We picked another night, but Eddie had to do a kinescope and would be out until midnight. So we finally settled on Thursday."

As for meal planning, it's a chore "because neither Eddie nor I are very good eaters. We're the despair of the cook." Still, Debbie works out the menus and does the shopping half of the time at a nearby super market.

"We have to keep well-stocked because you can't tell how many people we might have for dinner. Eddie has a lot of business friends who visit us, and it's a lot easier to stay home than to go out for dinner. When the food supply gets low, the cook, housekeeper and I all pile into the car and load up at the store with all we can carry."

Does she ever do the cooking herself?

"Oh, sure," she replied, "although I haven't had too much time yet. I went right into 'The Catered Affair' when I came back from the East."

"I'm a pretty good cook. If you don't learn to cook after eight years in the Girl Scouts, you might as well quit and join the Boy Scouts. I learned everything, including how to cook over a hole in the ground. And my mother taught me a lot. Once she was sick for a month and I did all the cooking. Nobody died from it."

"My mother makes great Mexican food and I can do it."





**USUALLY** a singing-dancing comedienne, Debbie reaches maturity as a dramatic actress in this MGM film. Rod Taylor plays her fiance.

## career is a tough job, but no challenge is too great for Debbie

too. Eddie never had tasted any, and he loves it. Likewise, I had never had any Jewish food, and I like it, too. We've had fun learning about the food the other one has known.

"No, Eddie doesn't cook. He's too busy to learn, and that's something you have to devote a lot of time to."

Does she sew?

"Oh, I can sew on buttons and let down a hem," she smiled. "That's about the limit of it. My mother does most of the sewing for me; I don't have time to learn. I'll pick it up when I have a family of my own to sew for."

It sounded as if she had a huge domestic operation under amazing control. I asked her if some aspects of running such a household didn't faze her.

"Yes," she sighed, "keeping the servants happy."

They have three—a housekeeper, a cook and Eddie's valet, who takes care of all his clothes at home and at the TV studio and also handles traveling details. The three get along pretty well, but there are always little differences within a household.

**T**HE FISHERS don't live like most young married couples because of the extraordinary demands on their time. Eddie has at least two TV shows to do each week. Being one of those performers who is virtually an industry in himself, he must do a great deal of conferring and entertaining of business associates. Likewise, Debbie's career keeps her hopping, and both of them have banquets, testimonial dinners and other night-time events to attend.

"We haven't spent more than four nights home alone," Debbie confessed ruefully. "But that doesn't bother either of us very much. There are plenty of years ahead when we'll have time to be alone together."

In December their lease will be up, and the owners will return from Europe to reclaim their house. I asked about the Fishers' plans after that.

"I'm already looking for a lot," she remarked. "I've got my eye on one, and I'm hoping it comes through. We'd like to build our own place if we can find the right location. The only trouble is that we want an acre of ground, and it's hard to find anything that big that doesn't cost a fortune."

"I'm glad we rented first. It has taught me a lot of things about the house I want in the future. I'm already working on a floor plan; it will contain much of the house we're in now, but avoid some of its mistakes. This house rambles too much—it's a long hike from the bedroom to the kitchen if you want a snack at night. Hardly worth all the trouble."

"What I would like is a one-and-a-half-story house with the master bedroom on the upper level and a small bedroom nearby for children. By living in the Pacific Palisades, I have discovered that's too far out for us. I'd like to find some place in Beverly Hills or even San Fernando Valley, if it's close enough in. I lived in the Valley for 15 years, and I love the heat. So does Eddie."

Debbie doesn't seem to be the least bit concerned about the monumental task of building a house. Plus which she would have to furnish it from scratch. The only furniture she and Eddie own are four pianos, one color and one black-and-white TV set and a hi-fi console.

But then no challenge seems to throw Debbie. She delights in pointing out that her folks' Burbank house where she lived most of her life could fit into the living room of her current home. She appears to be the same Debbie in either place—a gal to whom life is a constant, ever-loving ball. **END**



Russ and Venetia

# *On The Town*

Newlyweds Russ Tamblyn and  
Venetia Stevenson visit

New York and find the metropolis  
an ideal spot for a honeymoon



**IN TYPICAL** wifely fashion, 18-year-old Venetia straightens her bridegroom's tie before they start out on a sightseeing tour of the exciting Big Town.

**SO ABSORBED** in each other are they that the honeymooners miss many of the interesting places along the way as they stroll down Gotham's Fifth Avenue.







**WANDERING** through romantic Central Park, they feed a friendly pigeon who perches on Russ' arm to get a better look at Venetia.  
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**RUSS AND VENETIA** continued

**East Side, West Side, all around the town  
go the Tamblyns, awed by wonders of the Big City**



**NEVER** still a minute, Russ can always be depended upon to do the unexpected, like imitating a mask in the Museum of Modern Art.

**OBJETS D'ART** give the young couple ideas for their North Hollywood home. Later, they bought some things at the Sweden House shop.







**AT THE** skating rink in Rockefeller Plaza. Russ, currently in MGM's "The Fastest Gun Alive," is 21 years old and has been in films six years.



**BLONDE**, blue-eyed and statuesque, Venetia's film career gets under way in RKO's "Back From Eternity," in which she has a featured role. **END**



**"I'm a nomad," says this beauteous Briton, who's "gone places" from darkest Africa to the lights of Hollywood**

# *A proper kind of*

By ERNST JACOBI



**MAN** who "makes the hours fly" and puts a glow in Dana's lovely cheeks is filmland attorney Greg Bautzer, her favorite escort.

**T**HE BIG Chrysler convertible was streaking down Highway 66 towards Palm Springs. At the wheel, Dana Wynter felt exhilarated. As always, she enjoyed the sense of power and speed. Back in Africa, she'd actually liked the 1,900 mile drive to and from the university at vacation time, much of it over rutted roads, making it in just three days. And this was a night very much like the ones she'd known on her parents' ranch in Southern Rhodesia—millions of stars above, a silvery moon, and the cool, dry desert air tugging at her hair, making the blood tingle in her cheeks.

Suddenly, there was the scream of the siren and the flash of the red spotlight in her rear view mirror. She pulled over to the side of the road and stopped.

"Do you know how fast you were going, Miss?" the state trooper asked.

"About a hundred. But I was driving safely. I didn't know there was a speed limit on California highways."

"You'll know after the judge gets through with you," the state trooper said, writing out a ticket.

Relating the incident, Dana says she honestly didn't know about the speed limit. "But the worst of it," she adds, "is that I can't find the ticket. I don't even know where or when to appear in court. Harry must have eaten it. He once ate a twenty-dollar bill."

Harry's full name is English Harry the Toff and he's an aristocrat. But in the studio make-up department, where Dana usually parks him while she's working, they call him "Slasher Green." The "ferocious" beast weighs somewhat less than two pounds, has long silky hair, a pedigree a mile long, and is a Yorkshire terrier, a rare and expensive breed. "And he's very smart," says Dana. "For instance, I've tried to fool him with stage money, but he just turns his nose up at it."

Both Harry and the ticket in his stomach are intimately connected with one Greg Bautzer, the prominent Palm Springs and Hollywood attorney. The noble pooch was one of Greg's first gifts to Dana, and her speeding was the result of her eagerness to get to Palm Springs and a Sunday tennis date with Bautzer. Dana makes no secret of her affection for Greg. "He's a wonderful, kind, warm-hearted person," she says. But more revealing than her words is the glow on her face as she

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***gypsy***







**FAR FROM** conventional, Dana's family set up ranch-keeping in Rhodesia, when her father transferred his medical practice from London.



## Dana is fast rising to stardom

returns to the luncheon table at the 20th Century-Fox commissary after answering a telephone call from Greg. "He's one of the most stimulating people I've ever known," she says. "He's great company, has a terrific sense of humor, and can make the hours fly."

Dana herself, for that matter, does pretty well in that department, too. She comes from a proper English family, went to proper schools and believes in proper manners, but with all that propriety she isn't the least bit stuffy and has none of the traditional British reticence. Gay, bright, witty, exceedingly well-informed on any number of subjects, with an enormous appetite for life and an interest in everything, she can hold up her end of a conversation in any gathering. She's got the mind of a university professor and the reflexes of a stunt driver, and could probably be a success at either, but she happens to like acting and, after less than a year in Hollywood, is well on her way toward stardom.

While Dana's background was conservative in some respects, it was anything but conventional in others. The only child of Dr. Peter and Fredrique Wynter, she was born in London and named Dagmar which she changed, for obvious reasons, before coming to this country. Her mother was a concert singer before her marriage and her father is a surgeon who obtained his first medical degree before he was 21, adding to it over the years a string of others from universities in Germany, Switzerland and France. Dana was exposed to the broadening influence of travel all through her childhood, living all over Europe and, for a while, even in Tangiers. As a result, she speaks French fluently and has more than a smattering of several other languages. During the war, the Wynters returned to London, where Dana had the interesting experience of arriving at school one morning only to find it had been bombed to bits during the night. When, shortly after the war,

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**SELDOM** have wit and intelligence been so well combined with beauty as in Dana, who began studying medicine in her early teens.

**TOUCH-UP** prepares Dana for a scene in "The Sixth Of June." She is playing opposite Robert Taylor in a romance of wartime England.





# "My husband, Glenn Ford"

*by Eleanor Powell*

**His erratic habits and  
high voltage moods confuse her,  
but Eleanor knows for sure:  
"I'm glad I married Glenn"**



**"PICTURE** of a proud wife" and her happy husband—that's Glenn Ford and his Eleanor who's mostly amused by her mate's complexities.

**W**HEN I HEAR married couples discuss marriage, many say, "Don't ever take each other for granted." Glenn and I haven't had that problem. Ours is trying to find time to be together. We've been so busy we hardly ever have a chance to see one another.

Glenn has been dashing about finishing "The Fastest Gun Alive" and preparing for "Teahouse Of The August Moon," and I've had my hands full with my TV show, "Faith Of Our Children."

As for any social life—well, we haven't gone out anywhere for dinner since last Thanksgiving when we went to a friend's home. Yet, we both seem to thrive on such activity. One thing is certain—we're never bored.

In spite of all the rush, though, I think that I have learned more about my husband in the last several months than I ever knew before. And I have come to the conclusion that he is a man of so many qualities that it is difficult to pinpoint him. I just know I'm glad I'm married to him—even though he does confuse me a lot of the time.

Glenn, for one thing, has always been a worrier. He worries about anything and everything. Since his recent success in "Trial," "Blackboard Jungle," "Jubal," and "Ransom!" all of which have proved what I always knew—that he is a great actor, he worries more than ever. This perhaps sounds unusual, but Glenn takes his work seriously. He knows that just because he's had such hits he can't relax and take it easy. He keeps wanting to top himself. And he loves challenges. That is one reason why he is so happy about playing in "Teahouse Of The August Moon." It's a complete change of pace for him and he is looking forward to working in a film with Marlon Brando.

However, I like him best in Westerns—probably because I love them and because I consider Glenn a superb horseman. He does the most amazing things with horses. He's not just a good rider, he is an accomplished horseman and he has seven trophies to prove it. These awards were not given to him by people whose only acquaintance with a horse is being able to identify a saddle. They are from rodeo men, real honest-to-goodness cowboys, all of whom have stated that Glenn is the best horseman in pictures.

His talent as a horseman may surprise some. Well, that's nothing compared to the surprises he gives me, and I have to admit it has taken me a long time to become adjusted to

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"IT'S a wonderful thing to see how much Glenn's home means to him."





**"THE FASTEST GUN ALIVE":** In his latest film, Glenn's a peaceful storekeeper with an unexpected talent for a swift draw.

**GLENN FORD** continued

**"Just because he's had such hits, Glenn can't relax. He keeps wanting to top himself"**

his perplexing habits. You never know what to expect of him.

Often he has called from the set to say he wouldn't be home for dinner because he was shooting late. So I've gone ahead and had dinner. Then a short time later, after the dishes are washed and put away, in he will come with the hearty comment, "Got through early. What's for dinner?" After a few such experiences, I have learned to keep three or four steaks always in the freezer. I put on a steak and start dinner all over again. This happens only when he's working. When he's not on a picture he's very punctual. It's just that he's been working all the time lately!

He has another unusual habit in this connection. Whenever we have to go to some big dinner affair—and we go to as few as possible—Glenn always eats beforehand. Don't ask me why. I can't figure it out myself.

Glenn seems to have a passion for dashing to one place or

**SMOLDERING** Glenn explodes in this Western with a surprise twist. Says Eleanor, "He gets mad quickly and over it just as fast."







**GLENN** co-stars with Russ Tamblyn (left) and Jeanne Crain in "Fastest Gun Alive." "I still like him best in Westerns," Eleanor admits.

another. Perhaps it's just to buy a magazine at a store. But more often it's to go back to get something he forgot. When he was packing for his trip to Japan for "Teahouse," he was continually forgetting something he needed—and off he'd go to town again. He is just about as forgetful when it comes to remembering what I have asked him to bring home. He can memorize volumes for a picture but he can't remember a couple of items from the store.

This spontaneous combustion that hits him and causes him to hop around like a flea on a hot griddle still applies to our movie-going. I have yet to see a picture of Glenn's all the way through. When we go to a preview he always leaves before it's over—partly because he doesn't like to get in a crowd and partly because he gets so nervous watching himself on the screen that he can't enjoy the film.

This habit is amazing enough, but equally astounding is his action when he goes with me to some occasion or other when I have to make a speech. He never intends to talk, always says he hasn't a thing to say, and when those in charge of the affair tell him he's to speak, too, he simply says, "Oh, no, I'll just introduce my wife." And then he gets up and makes the most wonderful speech you ever heard. Yet, he has been perfectly sincere in saying he would only present me. There's no "ham" in Glenn. He cares nothing for center stage.

None of his erratic habits, though, really bothers me. I have become used to them and they amuse me. Besides, I could overlook almost anything because he's probably the most pleasant man anywhere when he gets up in the morning.

Glenn is an early riser—even if he goes to bed very late. He's usually up around seven before anyone else is awake. On

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**REHEARSING** a scene with Sidney Blackmer, Celeste Holm and Frank Sinatra, Grace shows she can handle comedy lines as well as any one.



# *Grace Kelly in* **High Society**

**A rollicking, song-filled musical  
romance about a society girl and the  
men in her life presents Grace  
in a background she knows so well**



**WHILE** waiting for the shooting to start, Grace and John Lund perfect dance they are to do in ball scene.

**GALLANT** Frank diverts his attention elsewhere as Gracie hurries to the wardrobe mistress to get some minor repairs made on her dress.



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**In what may well be her last film role, Grace proves her versatility as an actress, even does a bit of warbling**



**LADYLIKE** Grace loses her dignity in "High Society" by imbibing too much champagne and falling, fully clothed, into a garden pool.

**SET** goings-on amuse Celeste Holm and Frank Sinatra, who play a news photographer and reporter respectively.







**CHATTING** with members of the cast, Grace is warm and friendly. Gaiety was the keynote of the "High Society" set during entire shooting.

**BRIEF** but hilarious fling is indulged in by Grace and Frank, who loses out in favor of Bing Crosby, also starred in this merry comedy.



**END**





**TWEAKING** Daddy's nose is Bridget's idea of fun and it looks like Guy and Sheila are enjoying themselves, too. Bridget's now one.



GUY MADISON:

# *Trial by Marriage*

By DICK PINE

**I**T'S A good thing that these two, Guy and Sheila Madison, like surprises, since that is what they have had practically nothing else but since the day of their marriage nearly two years ago.

"We like it this way," Guy remarks, contentedly. "I hope we will never be 'used to each other' so that the sense of discovery will leave us. I hope we will never be 'used to life together' so that we lose the feeling of adventure when we get up in the morning. Sheila surprises me every day of my life and so does the baby and so does my work! And I love it."

Well, as I said, it's a good thing that they like it this way! Because the unexpected has a habit of intruding into their most routine affairs.

To choose an example at random, there was their experience when they moved into the new home they built on a hill just above Hollywood Boulevard. Older home builders might have warned them—but they didn't. And so it was that Guy and Sheila trustingly expected the house to be finished when the architect said it would . . . and they expected to have ample time to select wallpaper, rugs and furnishings, so that when the Big Day arrived they would be able to move into the perfectly completed dream house they had been planning for so many months and just settle down in it with blissful sighs.

But you already know that that couldn't happen. Weeks after the completion date had passed workmen were still swarming all over the place with hammers and things full of plaster and paint. And then came the dire moment when the landlord of the furnished apartment they had been occupying told them, politely but also firmly, that the apartment had been rented and that they would simply have to be out of there by the first of the month, as they had promised him they would be long before.

There was only one thing to do. Fortunately the stove, refrigerator, washing machine and furnace had already been installed and the gas and electricity turned on. The Madisons moved the baby's gear (and what a lot of gear a baby requires!) and a large bed, left over from Guy's bachelor

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**What if Guy fed baby Bridget wheat flour instead of Pablum and Sheila called a vet instead of the doctor? It's all wonderful!**



**LOVE BIRDS** pause outside their hilltop home. The Madisons are expecting a brother or sister for Bridget almost any moment now.



## Guy's happy home life and booming career give him the look of a man who's "got it made"

apartment, into the house. And gaily moved in with them.

"Anyhow," said Sheila, cheerfully sitting on the floor, "we can sleep and eat and keep clean!"

But the weather was unusually chilly for California and after a bit the inside of the house began to feel like something Admiral Byrd had written about somewhere, in spite of the fact that the furnace was making merry, warming sounds. The Madisons were mildly bewildered.

Guy investigated. "There's something they haven't hooked up," he reported. "Some sort of fan or forced air dingus that makes the warm air circulate in the house. It isn't working."

Sheila pulled a blanket about her shivering shoulders. "Oh well," she began, bravely; "tomorrow they'll fix it and. . . What's that?"

An eerie sound had rent the air around their hilltop. Guy cocked an ear until the sound came again and then he grinned. "It's a coyote howling over the way," he told her. "Nothing to worry about!"

"Here? Within six minutes of Hollywood Boulevard?" Sheila quavered, looking at him appealingly. Then, with a little gulp, "Look, honey, for a screen star's home, isn't this a little—just a little—uh—primitive?"

Sheila understands now that coyotes and even deer just over the way are points of pride among the hillsiders who live within a stone's throw of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Guy has already shot three coyotes, practically from his own

**SPACE MAN:** In Guy's new movie, "On The Threshold Of Space," he portrays a high altitude U.S. Air Force test pilot (20th-Fox).



**WHOOPSY!** Daddy tosses Bridget up in the air—and she loves it!

front door. Such goings-on give an outdoor man a comforting sense of pioneer life while he is living within easy reach of all the refinements of an effete civilization.

But it was all pretty surprising to Sheila! The high fence which has been installed around their small estate and the two hunting dogs Guy keeps outside the house to give necessary alarms have reassured her. And besides, she is fairly handy with a gun and bow and arrow, herself, by this time.

Those talents, themselves, in his petite wife, surprised Guy a good deal. She had astonished him in the first place, while they were still courting, by proving to be an expert horsewoman . . . astonished him because she looked so fragile and she had been a model before she had been an actress, and the word "model" had to him a static and helpless sound. But Sheila's father had been a famous horse trainer in Ireland where they had lived until she was 16 and she had learned to ride as a tot.

Even so, he hadn't expected her to become skilled and enthusiastic about his favorite sports of hunting and fishing so quickly. Especially fishing.







**SEE-SAW** on Daddy's leg is as good as the real thing and gives everybody a laugh. Guy's happiness in his family is undisguised.

"Most women," he boasts, "think it is a messy sport and they squeal and act silly the first few times. Not Sheila. The first time I took her trout fishing she did just as the beginner always does in the comic strips. Caught more and bigger fish than anyone else!"

Sheila, in her turn, was surprised to discover that Guy was an excellent cook. Surprised and secretly a bit red in the face. Because actually she didn't know much about cooking when she was married, a lack which she tried hastily and earnestly to rectify as soon as possible, before Guy could discover the extent of her ignorance.

She got away with it pretty well, too, by dint of secretly studying cookbooks and cadging favorite recipes from friends and relatives. She made him very proud when they were on location in New Mexico for "Threshold Of Space" by laboriously concocting a huge pot of something which began with pinto beans and grew more and more complicated until she finally served it to selected guests. She had wrestled with that recipe for 24 hours and she had Guy and the others convinced that she was, indeed, a cook in a million.

Then, after they were home again, she came a cropper with a simple thing like a roast leg of lamb. The friend who advised her about it mentioned studding the roast with slivers of garlic cloves. But Sheila misunderstood and thought she meant cloves, as the cloves you stick into a ham. So real cloves were what she poked into her leg of lamb, with results which had a curious effect upon the taste buds.

But Guy (here is a man who is really in love) insists, loyally, to this day, "It was a very interesting flavor and if she hadn't told me she had made a mistake, I would have thought it was a fine new idea."

He tried a bit of sly deception of his own, though, in the cooking of game with which his freezer is, almost perforce, always stocked. He sensed early in their life together that Sheila was a trifle hesitant in her taste for the rewards of hunting and so he tried to disguise the venison and so on with seasonings and sauces to make it taste like something else. Veal, for instance. Then, when she had admitted liking some mysterious thing he had cooked, he would astound her, triumphantly, by telling her what it actually was. It has

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**SHIRLEY MACLAINE:**

# *The lady is a card*

**A Virginia belle with a real gone sense of humor, this shiny new star considers a laugh a minute slowpoke**

**PIXIE-like** personality comes through even when Shirley strikes a kinda lady-like pose.



**SHOWER** in backyard of Malibu Beach house is just the thing for sand-covered feet. Shirley's husband, Steve Parker, does the honors.



**CLOWNING** as usual, Shirley sits for her portrait. Her talented husband is an actor-director whom she met while on Broadway.

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**FUNNY FACE** is just part of the MacLaine gag routine. Her brand of drollery and good looks impressed everyone in "Artists And Models."

**THE BEACH** is for gathering sea shells—or displaying the dancing form that made Shirley a standout in Broadway's "The Pajama Game."





but Shirley's got a serious side, too—especially about her man



**SUNDOWN** on Malibu Beach finds Shirley in the arms of her husband, Steve Parker. Shirley, who's now expecting, says she wants three kids. **END**





**BROOKS** (right) not only resembles Monty, but even studied acting, became a TV director. Monty's now in "Raintree County."

**Brooks Clift, his brother, says:**

# "Monty"

**Shy? Elusive? Maybe in public,**

**I**F YOU passed him on the street, you would think puzzledly, "I know *him*—but from where?" He would look familiar to you—because he looks like Montgomery Clift. No great coincidence there—because he's Monty's brother, Brooks Clift. There's the same economic tautness of build and feature, the same niceness of bone, even the same slight stoop that fools you into pegging him as smaller than he really is. Brooks' coloring is fairer; light brown hair against Monty's almost black hair; eyes bluer, the same shape but smaller than Monty's expressive steel-gray blue ones. But generally, there's a distinct family resemblance.

When you remark on it, Brooks laughs and says, "You should see our sister. She's Montgomery's twin—but she looks like me!" Any oddity concerning the Clift clan somehow becomes less of an oddity. There's the matter of names, for instance. Brooks and Montgomery are certainly anything but common given names.

The "Montgomery" Brooks explains easily. "The medico who delivered him was Dr. Montgomery; so Mother just named him Montgomery!"

His own name he explains less glibly: "I was christened William Brooks Clift, Jr. I dropped the William, and let's see. . . ." He smiled ruefully, with more than a hint of that slow but insidious smile that comes at you off the screen. "I guess Mother would be shocked if she knew I really don't recall where the 'Brooks' comes from. It's someone in Dad's antecedents, though." It's obvious that Montgomery isn't the only rugged individualist among the Clifts.

There's an occupational similarity, too. Brooks started out with the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York, and went on to do some TV. "I have no talent as an actor," the man says; so he wound up five years ago attached to NBC—behind the cameras. After a stint with "Martin Kane," he became assistant director on "The Home Show." Some day, Brooks Clift as a directing credit may catch up with Montgomery Clift as a starring credit, not that he himself would state his outlook for the future in that way. "I've got 18 months on Monty," says Brooks, "and I am reaching for my 37th birthday."

Naturally, the first thing you ask Montgomery Clift's brother is whether Monty's really the enigma his publicity has made of him. "He's a very funny guy," Brooks admits without hesitation. "He has, I've discovered, sides that nobody has any awareness of."

"For instance, who would think that Monty is a genuine comedian, with a great sense of humor? He's really more fun

to be with than anyone I know. I don't have to tell you that he's never done anything that is really comedy, and he wants to do comedy very badly. He should do it very well, because he's able to see the humor which exists in the human relation. I don't mean the belly laugh, the obvious thing like a man slipping on a banana peel; that would only distress him. I do mean the basic humor and comedy of the things we run into every day. I remember once as a kid he wanted something; I've forgotten just what—but he couldn't have it, and became furious. After a few minutes this struck him as ridiculous, and he began to laugh at himself for being furious."

The adjective that has stuck to Montgomery Clift is, of course, shy. Brooks explains this. "Neither of us is an extrovert. Monty isn't what you'd call the gregarious type. He is elusive; that part of it's not an act, and it's not phony. But I have honestly never known him to be shy with his family. And as far as I'm concerned, it's certainly never evident when he's doing something or talking about something he's really interested in."

"You get the idea he's a hermit," Brooks adds, with a smile that intimates he's not telling *all*. "The thing about Monty is, he shrinks from things like driving around in a flashy car, so you see it coming and think, 'Here's a movie star!' He'd as soon be caught doing something like that as wearing a brass ring through his nose. But any guy who can play his game of tennis is no shy guy. I think he could have been a champion. As a matter of fact, he's good at all sports; he has a natural rhythm. He keeps in condition, what with swimming and going to gym regularly. This boy's in good shape!"

Part of the Clift "legend" may be due to something like this. You ask Brooks if Monty was neat, when they were all living at home, and he smiles, "After all, he only had one suit—he couldn't be very messy!" Then he takes his tongue out of his cheek to explain, "You see, Monty's very fond of gray flannels. That's about all he wore, most of the time. So people thought that was all he had."

**T**HE family still lives at the same 55th Street address in New York where the children grew up. Naturally, although Montgomery has his own apartment, he visits his parents often. There are also childhood friends that he sees at those times. Naturally, the scope of his friends has enlarged with the scope of his activities. Yet, the only people mentioned as being really close to Monty Clift are Augusta and Kevin McCarthy and director Fred Zinnemann, which is a long-time



# *is like this"...*

By HELEN GOULD

**but non-conformist Monty Clift "has sides nobody's aware of"**

association that began when they made "The Search" together.

Perhaps that's also why his name has been associated with so few women; somehow, Monty has the knack of eluding publicity in his personal relationships. "Sure," says Brother Brooks, "he's certainly not a guy who plays around a lot. But he's known lots of women. Why not?"

"Aha," you pounce on that, "then has he ever come close to getting married?"

"Close enough!" says Brooks. "However, I am sure he'll get married when he finds the right girl."

**Y**OU might say the prospect of Montgomery Clift getting married is good, if family history is any indication. His twin sister, Mrs. Hugh McGinnis of Dallas, Texas, has five children—and Monty's travels take him there quite often. Brooks Clift has had two marriages and three children. Brooks recalls, "My ex-wife owns a house on Cape Cod. One of the nicest summers the children had was when Monty came to visit. He's good at sailing a boat—and a good companion."

It's a pretty safe bet that when Monty does find the right girl, she'll be the *right* one. He seems to have a gift for not being snared in any nets. He has managed to keep himself free of any Hollywood commitments that keep him tied to any one studio. He manages to make the pictures he wants, and live in New York—because he prefers it. And he can say something very few other Hollywood actors can: that he doesn't have to make any pictures he doesn't like. The conviction begins to grow on you that if, in any odd way, Mr. Montgomery Clift is crazy, it's *smart* crazy.

A movie star living in a fifth floor walk-up in the East 60's—over a cigar store, and with no phone, yet—must be expected to be branded as slightly on the eccentric side. But instead of being a crazy mixed-up kid, in Monty's case he was only living the way he wanted. At the time, reporters who arrived for interviews, completely winded and with aching knees, didn't have to wonder what they'd write about. This was a screwy, ready-made character, a "natural" to pour on the color.

Monty himself said, "I don't intend spending a fortune to outdo the other fellow. My rental is about one per cent of what the bright boys deem necessary for show. I see only the people who actually want to see me enough to climb five flights. That way you avoid the dropper-inners who have to kill an hour between appointments or the boys who use you for the *apertif* hour instead of hunting up the nearest bar."

But Monty did expand into a slightly more conventional pattern of living. He moved to a new apartment. Still in the East 60's, but it's quite modern and comfortable.

Monty Clift may be a moody one, but his moods are no enigma to himself. Brooks says, "During the war he collected lots of Marlene Dietrich records, and Edith Piaf's, too. They were hard to get, before the new waxings—but Monty found them because he wanted them. That's the sort of music he likes; not the classical stuff. Even Monty's acting has nothing of the classical; it's pure Clift."

It points up brother Brooks' tag: "He's happy when he has an exciting part, like his current one in 'Raintree County.' He changes only when he hasn't found a part he wants to play, or hasn't been working for a long time. I don't think he will ever change his way of living, and I don't think he will ever be changed by success."

That's not an unusual character; it's a rare strength and integrity.

**END**

**DRAMATIC** intensity has won Monty his fame, as in this scene with Donna Reed, but in private life "he's a genuine comedian."





# Long run "disappointment act"

Subbing for ailing performers was once the only way  
Grace and George were welcomed by theatre managers

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

**F**OR nearly seven years Gracie Allen has been captivating a huge, if somewhat baffled, television audience with such statements as: "The world lost a great man when my Uncle Harvey was born." Delivering this and other sentiments with absolute gravity and a touch of nostalgia it's no wonder that Gracie has become the symbol of illogical and totally irresistible womanhood to her large following.

When she teamed up with George Burns in 1922 he was the comic and she the foil. But the questions she used to throw at him got more laughs than his answers so George happily became straight man. Happily because, as he says, "I love her," and also because "before I met Gracie I used to change my name every week since I could never get a job under the same name twice. I sang, skated, did ballroom dancing and worked with a seal. I did each of these things only once. As soon as a theatre manager saw my act, I had to

change it, or find myself out of a job."

Whenever he tells a story or talks about the past George usually exaggerates for dramatic effect. Though Gracie became known as the comic of the pair, many famous comedians are inclined to go along with Jack Benny's opinion that George is "the funniest man alive." Those who watch him deliver his monologues, while puffing an expensive cigar, on his CBS-TV show are beginning to appreciate this appraisal, but they'll never be able to appreciate the real George whose humor is perhaps a little too earthy for public consumption. Gracie's humor, on the other hand, is pretty well concealed in private life. She even insists she's not funny and generally tries to avoid crowds for fear of disappointing them with her serious, thoughtful and quiet manner.

"I'd rather talk about my children than show business," she says. "For years now, I've been going to quit show business but George keeps signing those contracts."

"If you quit you'd fall apart," murmurs George, shifting his cigar.

Which, considering that Gracie has been in show business for 47 of her 50 years, is probably true.

She was born in San Francisco in 1906. Her father was a song and dance man and Gracie could "shuffle off to Buffalo" when she was three. She quit school when she was 14 to hoof with her three older sisters. Then she went on her own with the Larry Reilly Company as an Irish colleen who did jigs and sang lilting tunes with a brogue. When the company was in Hoboken, New Jersey, Gracie left it after a disagreement over booking and decided to do something sensible—like go to secretarial school. At school, she met a girl who was always interested in a more glamorous life—like show business, and this girl dragged Gracie back to New Jersey one day just to see a comedian whose straight girl was leaving the act. The comedian, of course, was George. He hired her and shortly afterward, started courting her, but got nowhere.

George was born Nathan Birnbaum 60 years ago in New York's lower East Side. There were twelve kids in the family and hardly any money, but George never bemoans his early poverty.

He was always interested in show business and when he was no more than six used to sing for pennies in saloons. Before he was ten he organized the Peewee Quartet and found a hat they could pass around for profits. Gus Edwards took over the act, but he didn't get George who struck out alone.

When George and Gracie teamed up they were known as a "disappointment act." "We had our grips packed all the time," George explains, "in case some other act that was booked to play at a theatre disappointed the manager. If an actor broke a leg, they phoned us."

For three years they toured the vaudeville circuit. On Christmas Day, 1925, George got tired of taking no for an answer and proposed to Gracie again, giving her ten days to make up her mind. He wasn't exactly the husband she'd pictured, but she didn't know what she'd do without him so nine days later she said yes. They were married January 7, 1926. "I owed Gracie \$20," George says, "so we decided to take a gamble."

Other show business couples who've been hailed as examples of the perfect marriage usually spoil the publicity by getting a divorce, but George and Gracie have found the formula for marital bliss.

"We're happy together," says Gracie, "because we have absolutely nothing in common."

To George, the basic formula is "absence." "Always be careful of those couples who are constantly together," he says. "The reason they are always together is because they don't trust each other out of sight."

"We gave up making movies," says Gracie, "because we hated to get up at 6 a.m., we hated make-up and we hated learning lines."

"So now," says George, "we get up at 5 a.m. and work seven days a week. We shoot our CBS-TV show and then we come home and learn the new script."

Tuesday nights are home rehearsal nights, except when their 19-year-old son, Ronnie (who now appears regularly on the show), is baby sitting with his baby niece, Laurie.

Ronnie and his sister, Sandra (a year older than he, and married to James Wil-



**GEORGE** wasn't exactly the husband Grace had in mind when she wed him 30 years ago.





**ACTUALLY** George has a better comedy sense than Gracie, but she's so sincere about every wacky line that the result is always hilarious.

(ite 3rd), were adopted by George and Gracie from Chicago's Cradle in 1935.

"Ronnie," says George, "is the kind of every comedian should have. When I tell him jokes he always laughs. I must have told him my life story a hundred times and he's heard the same gags over and over, but he listens patiently anyway, and even seems interested."

George and Gracie are delighted that Ronnie is in show business now. For a while they thought all he was interested in was skin diving and water skiing. But they never pressured him into choosing a new work. They didn't consider taking him into the cast until they watched him perform at the Pasadena Playhouse and were convinced he had talent.

When he was 17, Ronnie had no idea what he wanted for a career and George tried to help him. "Why don't you take law?" George said. "I don't care what business you go into, law's a good basis." "Sure," said Ronnie and immediately called up Sandra to tell her.

"When did you decide?" Sandra said. "I didn't," said Ronnie. "Dad did." He was on his way to becoming a lawyer when, three months later, Gracie,

who paints in water colors, saw a picture Ronnie had done in school. She said, "Ronnie, you paint so well, why don't you become an architect?"

"An architect?" said Ronnie. "Sure. Why not?"

But when he decided to spend a summer working with the Pasadena Players, and was often found reading Stanislavsky while driving his car, George and Gracie knew he'd found something he really wanted at last.

Unlike other young men who move away from home as soon as they start earning a living, Ronnie's happy to stay with his folks. "We have always been very close," he says. "Dad and I used to go to the fights every Friday night. In the baseball season, we went to all the games together. He always found time for my interests."

"We're pals," says George, simply.

Gracie has little interest in sports, preferring canasta and gin rummy, which she plays with Mary Benny and other friends. George plays cards, too—mostly bridge, and is notorious for yelling and screaming when things go against him. Dore Schary recalls his first meeting with

George at a party soon after Dore became production boss at RKO. He knew George only slightly but agreeably sat down as his bridge partner.

"Dore," said George, "I want very much to get back in pictures. But make one mistake and I'll spit in your eye!"

This meeting occurred quite some time ago and whether or not the threat was carried out is unrecorded history. At the moment, George is no longer interested in getting back in pictures, but with an inexhaustible vitality, confesses he has a yen to play some vaudeville.

Gracie's schedule, though, is too rugged for her to think of more work. She even had a pang, when her granddaughter was born, about getting older. Though she is probably one of the best looking women in TV (with a size 10 figure), she wasn't sure she wanted to be known as a grandmother. The mood passed quickly as evidenced by a telegram she sent to some friends announcing the birth. She signed it "George and Marlene." George and Marlene, who've been a team for 34 years, haven't begun to wear out their welcome on the largest audience they've ever had in their lives.

**END**



# A Proper Kind Of Gypsy

continued from page 43

Dr. Wynter was called to Southern Rhodesia for a special operation, he fell in love with the country and decided to settle there. He bought a 4,000-acre estate near Marandellas, closed up his lucrative Harley Street practice by long distance telephone and had his wife and daughter ship out after him.

The lack of geographic stability and permanence doesn't seem to have affected Dana in the least, though. Like most people who started off their traveling early, Dana gets restless when she stays too long in any one place. "I'm afraid I'm something of a nomad," she says. "I simply love to travel."

**H**ER ever-shifting life also left her with no trauma affecting the relationship with her parents. "This may be old-fashioned, but I think they're two of the nicest people I know," she reports. "When I've been away from them for some time I always wonder whether they're really as nice as I think they are, but they never disappoint me when I see them again. They're still young and a lot of fun to be with."

Dana started out to be a concert pianist, but traveling with a baby grand proved to be too cumbersome and she gave up early what might have been a promising career. She sings quite well, and hopes to have a chance to prove it.

Dana finished high school—in England the equivalent of junior college—at the age of 15½ and had to fib on her age in order to be allowed to enter college. It was just about this time, however, that the Wynters moved to Africa where Dana went to Rhodes, studying toward a medical degree for the next two years.

While at Rhodes, she joined a dramatic group which competed annually with other, similar groups in the Festival of Amateur Dramatic Societies of South Africa. Dana played the role of a blind girl in "Through The Glass Darkly" and says her performance was "terrible." But her group won their section and the experience was enough to convince her that she preferred a career as an actress to one in medicine. After the end of her second year at Rhodes she returned to London where she applied for admission to the Old Vic academy. When that school unexpectedly closed, she continued her coaching privately.

Dana took her dramatic studies seriously. "I hated going to school when I was a kid," she says, "but this was different. As was the university, for that matter. There was then a definite goal and purpose, and a certain amount of freedom—and I liked that. By contrast, when I returned for a visit to my old school, it all seemed so futile. All those poor kids cramming for exams, I felt like telling them not to worry so much about it—not to take it so seriously. I could still

remember my own anxieties. Really, I hadn't the slightest nostalgia for it."

Her hard work paid off when she was offered not one but *two* parts in a repertory production of Shakespeare's "Pericles" with two well-known London stage personalities, Beatrice Lehman and Paul Schofield. After this, she recorded a radio series with Orson Welles, did television films with Boris Karloff and appeared in another series called "Fabian Of The Yard." She also did a few plays.

It was probably inevitable that Dana would sooner or later wind up in Hollywood. Dana, in addition to having brains and talent, is an authentic beauty. Besides all the more obvious assets, Dana has that extra quality which, as in all really beautiful women, somehow eludes description. But the famous sculptor, Jakob Epstein, for instance, was aware of it, and he wasn't the kind of artist who'd bother with a merely pretty girl. Seeing her at an art gallery one day, he introduced himself, asked Dana to sit for him and invited her to visit him at his studio for tea the next day.

"It was one of the weirdest afternoons I ever spent," Dana relates. "All sorts of strange people were wandering in and out of the studio while Sir Jakob was trying to figure out a way to get a huge statue cut through the front door in one piece. It reminded me of a 'New Yorker' cartoon. I'm very sorry, though, that we didn't get together for a sitting because of conflicting schedules and my leaving for the States shortly thereafter. I consider the fact that he wanted me to model for him one of the greatest compliments."

**D**ANA, incidentally, is very well informed on all phases of contemporary art and does a little sculpturing herself on the side.

When Dana arrived in the United States in November of 1953 she immediately applied for citizenship, wasting no time in trying to decide whether she'd like it here or not. "I knew I would," she comments. "Almost all of my friends in London were Americans and I figured they were a fairly representative sample." Since then, Dana's had no reason to change her mind and has fallen completely in love with the United States.

In New York, Dana had little trouble finding employment in television and also appeared in one Broadway play, "Black-eyed Susan," opposite Vincent Price, which unfortunately laid an egg. But the flop didn't by any means hurt her career. After testing for several major studios, she finally signed a long-term contract with 20th Century-Fox, beginning in May, 1955, and was immediately loaned out to Walter Wanger, for whom she starred opposite Kevin McCarthy in "The Invasion Of The Body Snatchers," actually her



**FULL** of zip, Dana's only complaint so far is that she hasn't been given enough work.

first American movie. During the balfest of 1955 she starred in "The View From Pompey's Head" and "The Sixth of June," both for her home lot where she is considered one of its major assets.

Dana's only complaint so far is that she hasn't been given enough work. Specifically, she'd like to have singing and dancing lessons on the lot.

Despite her unusual energy, Dana dislikes getting up early in the morning and lives in a house only about two and a half minutes away from the studio. She loves good talk, reading, theatre, movies, dancing—and dislikes going to bed early.

However, she's equally at ease outdoors or in. She's an expert horsewoman, swims well, plays a fast game of tennis, and used to fly a plane in Africa. And as for her prowess behind the wheel of a car, she's capable of making strong men blanch. On location in Georgia, the crew often filled her hub caps with nuts and bolts, or connected fire crackers to the starter. "They were a jolly good crowd," Dana smiles. "We had a lot of fun."

A bunch of technicians don't kid around with anybody they don't like. When they approve of a girl like Dana—that's the acid test. And at the commissary she's as popular with the waitresses, for instance, as she is with the steady stream of stars, producers and directors who stop and greet her affectionately. When the waitress brought her a bag of bones, Dana thanked her, excused herself and left the table to bring them to Hungry Harry, waiting outside her car. "She's as nice as they come," the girl said, smiling after her fondly.

When last seen, Miss Wynter was crouching on the lawn before the commissary making cooing noises to a small, run-away bundle of fur, trying to entice him into her loving arms. She looked very lovely. Harry, however, turned the other way. Which just goes to show that some dogs aren't nearly as smart as they're supposed to be.





Susan Hayward, star of "I'll Cry Tomorrow"

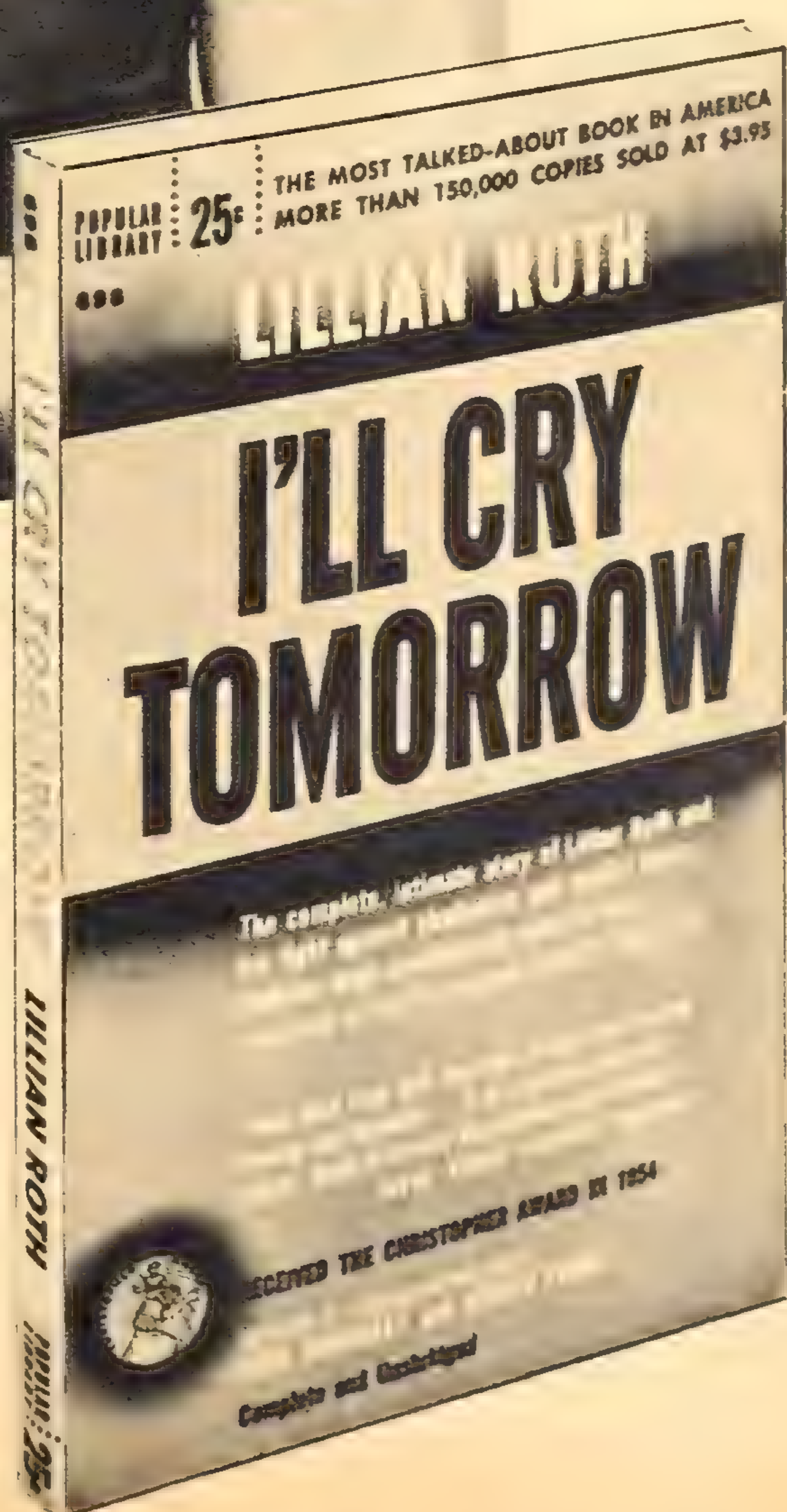
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# Love On The Rebound?

continued from page 24

stunt. It was the act of a love-intoxicated Frenchman wearing his heart on his sleeve. It is understandable, and in fact a sign of inner strength, that Aumont has summoned the will to want to forget those words. But once having been uttered they cannot be called back—even for so noble a purpose as bolstering Marisa's sense of security in his love.

Indubitably, no emotion of one day is necessarily binding on the next. Because Aumont fell captive to Grace Kelly's charms until she found her Prince Charming doesn't force the assumption that Aumont still carries the torch for her.

**I**N the light of this background, however, the rebound theory is destined to die hard. But in fairness to dewy-eyed Marisa and curly-haired Jean Pierre, it must be recognized that to ask whether their romance represents rebound or love reborn well may be begging the question. Does it really matter what earlier heart-breaks bring two people together in the joy of love? Certainly it would be difficult to criticize them for resenting—not only as an affront to their ego, but as a challenge to the sincerity of their affection—the accusation of rebound. And certainly they may be forgiven for rejecting in their own minds the unpleasant idea of being consolation prizes for one another. For even if their love were a product of previous rejections, it would not make it any less genuine. Perhaps, on the contrary, this would make it more durable.

One thing that argues persuasively against the rebound school of thought is the fact that Jean Pierre has a history of remarkable recuperative powers in the face of stunning romantic setbacks. More than once he has demonstrated that he is in love with love. This is a quaint enchantment that has kept him from lapsing into bitterness on the heels of amorous reverses.

Several years before she died of a heart attack in a Paris bathtub, he was on the verge of divorcing his late wife, the voluptuous Maria Montez. And he was as idyllic about the seeming failure of his marriage as he had been in earlier professions of his love.

"The beautiful dreams of love," he intoned sadly, "do not last forever."

But Aumont rekindled those dreams of love in a joyous reconciliation with Maria and they lived happily until her death.

Surely, it would be less than charitable to assume that Aumont did not once more tell himself, when Grace Kelly flew into Prince Rainier's supplicating arms, that "the beautiful dreams of love do not last forever." And by the same token, it would be just as typical of Aumont to have Marisa awaken once more those beautiful—and apparently deathless—dreams of love.

Chronologically, he and Marisa could

argue against the rebound theory by pointing out that they met more than two years ago when Marisa, in Paris with her sister, went backstage to congratulate Jean Pierre on his performance in the French play, "Pavee de Paris."

And if they wished to rationalize, it is equally true that both instantly and gayly recalled this meeting when they met again at a Hollywood party—even though this reunion occurred after Grace Kelly had abdicated her claim on Jean Pierre.

Moreover, love is a pretty fatalistic thing, and if Marisa is endowed with half the wisdom her friends attribute to her, she well may reason that a Jean Pierre Aumont not stung by a Grace Kelly would not have been ready for her. And Aumont, to follow this philosophical yardstick a step farther, surely would have the maturity to reason that a Marisa who was not the product of the disappointments which she suffered in love would not be quite the beguiling young woman to whom he has given his heart. Each is the sum of his or her own experiences. What those experiences have made them is very likely what attracted them to one another. If their respective rebounds contributed to such a fortuitous set of circumstances, they can do nothing but offer prayerful thanks for the anguish that prepared them, however inadvertently, for their present mutual devotion.

Beyond the realm of rationalization, the rebound thesis could be debated on sound psychological ground. The pattern of a man on the rebound is to seek out a woman in the image of the one he has wooed

and lost. He subconsciously casts about for someone who reminds him of his parted love. In every sense, Marisa and Grace Kelly are opposites. They come from different backgrounds. One is polished sophisticate. The other is not removed from sheltered childhood. They have no similarities in appearance, being, personality or temperament.

Quite different from being a pale copy of Miss Kelly, Marisa brings to her relationship with Aumont something he may find a good deal more reassuring. Whether La Kelly flaunted it or not, she was basically aloof and independent. However strong the rapport Aumont may have achieved with her, it was clear that he never was fully convinced that he would or that he would completely possess her. Marisa, on the other hand, is dependent and submissive. Her adoration for Jean Pierre is undisguised. By disposition and her European background she thinks right and proper that he should be the dominant male.

The seriousness of their amour was apparent to friends months before Marisa proudly displayed her rose-shaped diamond engagement ring and announced that nuptials would be in the near future.

Fate gave them a resounding assist when both were in pictures shooting at 20th Century-Fox; Aumont in "Hilda Crane" and Marisa in "The Man In The Green Flannel Suit."

Having suffered so withering a face of backfire so recently, it was perhaps natural that Aumont would be gun-shy about publicity this time around. But as he and Marisa held hands in public, embraced at the Golden Globe Awards dinner of the Hollywood Foreign Press Correspondents Association, and showed up lovey-dovey



**SERIOUSNESS** of the Marisa Pavan-Jean Pierre amour was apparent from the beginning





**HY**, dependent and submissive, Marisa is perfect opposite of sophisticated Grace Kelly.

one tinseltown party after another, their burgeoning romance needed no verbal embellishments.

Even more exciting marital straws were the wind when Marisa, a recipient of a Golden Globe for her performance as Lisa in "Rose Tattoo," had as guests at her table at the award dinner her adored Jean Pierre, her watchful mother, Mrs. Pierica Pierangeli, and the French consul. The romance penetrated another significant family echelon auguring wedlock when Jean Pierre introduced Marisa to his daughter by the late Maria Montez, 21-year-old Maria Christina Aumont. As Marisa's life with Aumont unfolds, the existence of her sister Pier, up to now the family's standard bearer in glamor, may seem provincial by contrast. Marisa and Jean Pierre intend to live half the year in Paris and the other half in the United States.

Aumont owns considerable property and a beautiful chateau at Malmaison, some miles outside of Paris, and that is where the newlyweds plan to live when they are not in Hollywood.

Neither appears disturbed because the fun, gay, laughing-eyed Aumont is 20 years the senior of 23-year-old Marisa.

"We never think of age," Marisa tosses off. "He's so young in spirit."

Aumont's age was thrown up to him when he was courting Grace Kelly, and no doubt if pressed again on the same subject, he'd dust off the answer he gave at that time: "A man should be older than his wife."

Age differences and previous conditions of romantic servitude may give pause to those on the sidelines, but as far as Marisa and Jean Pierre are concerned, there is only one question that counts: Are they right for each other?

That they have answered in a resounding affirmative!

**END**



## EXCLUSIVE: "*Bing Crosby's Marriage Plans!*"

When Hollywood gossips tried to link Bing romantically with Grace Kelly, the Groaner said, "If I were 20 years younger I might be interested." But Bing's steady date today is Kathy Grant — who is five years younger than Grace Kelly!

Read "*Bing Crosby's Marriage Plans*" in the June issue of **SILVER SCREEN Magazine**.

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# "My Husband, Glenn Ford"

continued from page 47

Sundays he'll give in a little, probably because it's Sunday, and sleep later—until about eight-thirty. But he has never slept past nine since I've been married to him. He eats very little at breakfast—no juice or anything like that. Just some coffee cake and coffee.

And this brings up another peculiar habit. Glenn works hard at the studio all day. You'd think he would want to relax at noon in his dressing room and have his lunch brought in to him. Oh, no! Instead, he comes all the way home for lunch. He drives through all that traffic, has only about fifteen minutes in which to eat, and then drives back. I have several times asked him why he didn't use that hour to rest, to relax, and all he says is, "I just like to come home."

It's a wonderful thing to see how much his home means to him. More men should feel that way. So even though I can't understand his actions, I respect and admire his feelings.

**G**LENN eats a small lunch, but he does enjoy dinner. Recently, he has been watching his diet. He said he wanted to reduce—why, I don't know. But here again is a contradiction. Every night, about two or three hours after dinner while he's watching TV or studying his lines you'll see him eating ice cream. Not just a dish, but more than you think anyone could hold. He loves it.

Glenn's just finished building a club house for Peter—with bunk beds and the works. It's strictly for the men. No women are allowed—and that means me. Glenn is really an accomplished carpenter. For that matter, he can fix or repair anything about the house. I just stand in awe at the things he does.

Glenn is inclined to be moody. With him, it's either a feast or a famine. He's way up or way down. It's just not his nature to be even-tempered. He's high voltage—like a thoroughbred horse at the starting gate raring to go. Because he is so wound up, I recognize his need at times to be alone, to be quiet, to unwind.

Glenn can't stand loud noise. Yet, I feed on people and conversation and general mayhem. I can be watching TV, listening to a record, and Peter and his friends can be shooting toy guns off in the house and I get along just dandy. That would drive Glenn out of his mind. Such noise and confusion really upset him. I think the reason we're so different in this respect is that I've been used to working in musical pictures where an orchestra would be blaring right along with frenzied directions by the director, the crew, and the choreographer. Glenn's work has been in dramatic pictures where sets are noticeably more quiet.

His moodiness, however, doesn't upset me. There are times when he'll talk and

talk—and I'm thrilled when he does because he doesn't open up as a rule. When he wants to be alone, however, I let him alone. Because I have been in the business, I think I have more of an understanding of what is on his mind and why he needs to be by himself. He has to have time to get away from the whole thing. There are no lengthy explanations necessary from Glenn when he wants to be alone. And, fortunately, I am self-sufficient enough that when he is by himself I don't feel like twiddling my thumbs with resentment or frustration.

Glenn works with me on my show when he has a chance, but he has so little time that he can't do as much as he'd like. But the greatest contribution he has made to my work is letting me have the time to meet its demands. Often I have had to go out on an evening to make a speech of some kind in connection with the show and he hasn't felt like going. He has always said, "Go ahead, honey, and good luck." The freedom he gives me is something I am grateful for.

He watches the show every Sunday night and he's my best critic—behind the scenes. I think he is tremendously proud of what I'm doing.

Glenn's enthusiasm is typical of his unselfish attitude towards others. He is always hoping someone else will get a big break. Maybe that's why he never wastes his time nourishing any big dislikes. He likes more than he dislikes.

Oh, he doesn't appreciate such things as a lot of make-up, particularly too much eye shadow, on a woman. And he doesn't like anything masculine in a woman. Femininity is all-important to him. He

loathes slacks on the ladies, for instance. Nor does he like an over-abundance of perfume. He can do without large parties and night clubs too. He prefers a quiet dinner with a few people around whom he can relax. When he is with them he likes I have seen him open up in conversation and say things I never knew he thought.

Simplicity is the keynote to his character. His way of dressing is an example of how little he cares for any fold. His tastes are simple, he doesn't like to go shopping for clothes, and an extensive wardrobe isn't his primary concern in life.

However, he does one thing that aggravates me. He'll get all dressed to go to an important affair, then if there's time before he has to leave, he'll take a nap. When he gets up, he's all wrinkled.

Glenn is easy to get along with in most ways—and he is considerate as a husband. He even has his sentimental moments. Oh, he forgets certain occasions, romantic days like St. Valentine's Day, but anyone who is as busy as he can't be expected to worry about Valentine's Day.

Along with his occasional sentimental nature, there is, of course as a contrast, a little temper. A person is pretty without some fire. He gets mad quickly and gets over it just as fast. And once he's over it he forgets it. He doesn't hold anything inside him. When Peter and I see he's getting mad, we all just calm out. Afterwards, he's terribly sorry. And it takes him so long to prove he's sorry he is that you're almost glad he got mad.

I could go on for pages about Glenn but I'd probably never be able to tell you there is about my complex and most interesting husband. So let it go that if you want a picture of a proud wife, just go and look at me.



**NO STUDIO** commissary lunch for Glenn—he prefers to drive home and eat with Eleanor



# Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 8

just finished a picture for that company! Dan and Sue just welcomed an addition to their family; their dachshund, Fritz, had four pups, all boys!

**DATA ON DATES**—George Nader and Dani Crayne no longer are dating each other exclusively. Recently he's been squiring Mara Corday and Martha Hyer. Martha has also been seeing John Bentley . . . Bob Wagner seems to have "gone underground." He's been dating girls who are not in films and taking them to out-of-the-way spots where they don't attract attention . . . Marilyn Monroe's so busy with her career that she still isn't dating. And we fail to find anything "new" about the gal, despite the publicity from the East. As usual, she was an hour-and-a-half late for her own press cocktail party. She looked the same and talked the same. Except for always being tardy, why should she change? . . . The Piper Laurie-Gene Nelson romance continues. No change there, either.

**SHORT SHOTS**—All's not serene with Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell . . . Dan and Gwen Dailey have bought a new 10-acre ranch in Northridge . . . Reconciliation didn't work out for Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton.

**HOME FOLKS**—No doubt about it, Virginia Mayo, Mike O'Shea and daughter Mary Catherine are as close-knit and happy a family as you'd find in any town. Virginia has now dispensed with a nurse for her daughter because she wants to take care of Mary herself, so the little girl will be closer to her. "I don't want her to grow up thinking I'm a stranger," says Virginia. After two years of loan-outs, Virginia's glad to be working back at Warners with Alan Ladd in "Buffalo Grass." One good reason—the studio is close to home which gives her more time with Mike and Mary.

**MORE FAMILY NOTES**—When June Allyson takes off for Europe—she'll make "Unfinished Symphony" in Berlin this summer—she's taking her children along. It's doubtful that Dick Powell's production schedule will let him make the trip and June says she "just couldn't stand separation from the whole family that long." So Ricky and Pamela join Mom for her first trip across the Atlantic.

**BABY TALK**—Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger refuse to say whether they're hoping their July arrival will be a boy or a girl and also say they haven't decided on possible names for the baby . . . Shirley MacLaine and husband Steve Parker hope their little image might arrive on their second wedding anniversary in October. And the doctor told Shirley she may have twins! . . .

END

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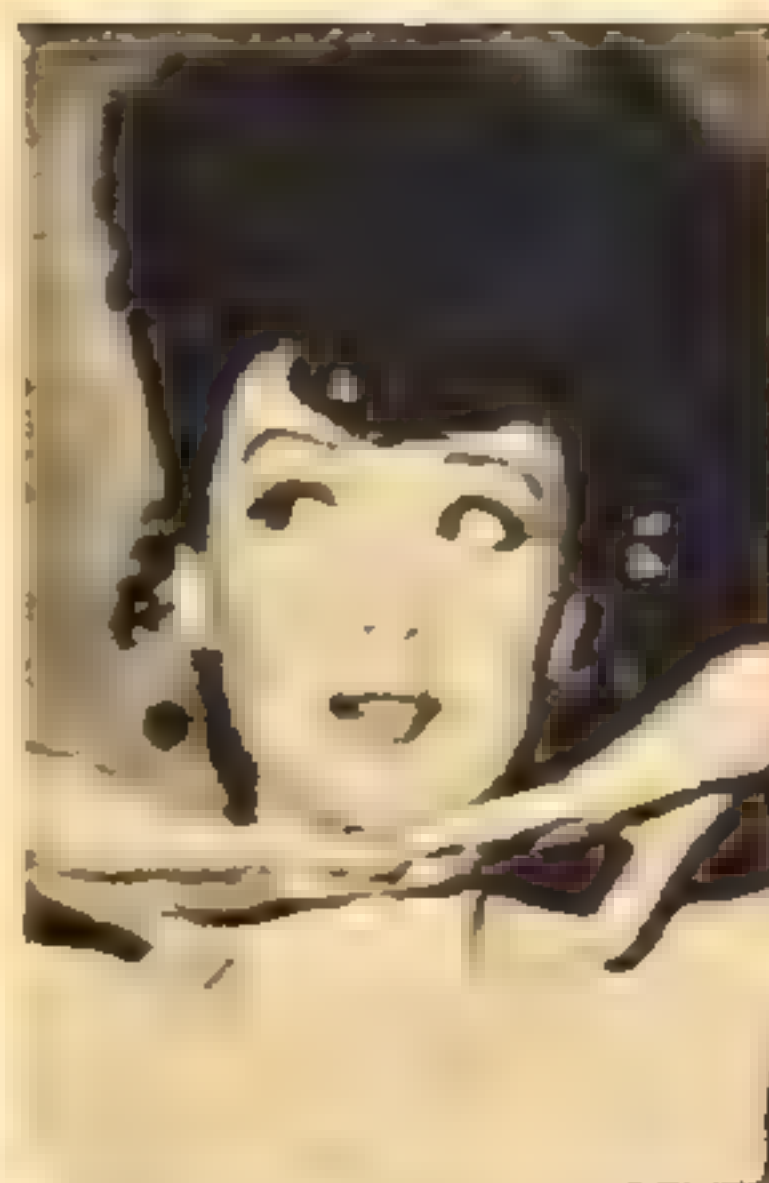
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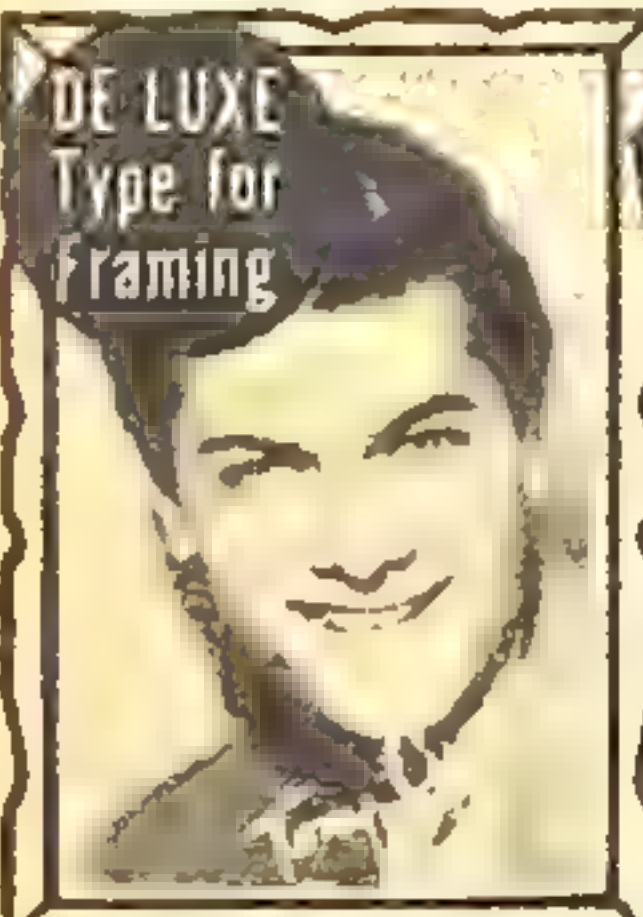
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**Reviews of new discs by BOB CROSBY**

It looks like Eddie Fisher may have another million-record hit on his hands. "Without You" and "No Other One" are the ballads that get his very personal attention. (Victor). . . . Break out those Franco-American dictionaries, *mes amis*; that group of solid citizenry known as The Blue Stars, who parlez-voused "Lullaby Of Birdland" into such a smash, have returned to repeat the Gallic bit on "Speak Low" and "Mambo Italiano." It's Greek to me—but I like it. (Mercury). . . . For a change of pace try Champ Butler's Coral recording of "The Joshua Tree" and "Down In Mexico." "Tree" is styled along "Wild Goose" lines, while "Mexico" is a novelty that's full of beans (jumping, of course). . . . An album for those among us who still remember how to fox-trot. "Alone Together" has a whole flock of standards given the relaxed treatment by Joe Lilley, his orchestra, Whispering Choir and The Skylarks. That's a lot of people to be "Alone Together" with, but who cares? (Decca).

The bobby-sox brigade will kindly form a double line on the right for Patti Page's Mercury waxing of "Too Young To Go Steady" and "My First Formal Gown." Don't let the "Gown" title fool you—it's a real live one. . . . Fellow named Bing Crosby has come up with one of the swingiest etchings in town—"In A Little Spanish Town," that is. Aided and abetted by the Buddy Cole Trio, brother Bing steers a steady course on the flip "Ol' Man River." (Decca). . . . Nelson Riddle, that "Lisbon Antigua" gentleman, has concocted another magic music potion. The label on the bottle reads "Port-au-Prince." The orchestra and chorus give the full-dress treatment to its underside, "Midnight Blues," which shouldn't make Capitol blue, either. . . . Joni James turns in an elegant job for MGM on a pair of haunting ballads, "Somewhere Someone Is Lonely" and "Don't Tell Me Not To Love You."

If you're in a sophisticated mood, latch on to the Eddie Barclay Ork floating through a couple of sidewalk cafe specials. "Heart Of Paris" and "If Hearts Could Talk" have Made In France written all over them. (Mercury). . . . Frank Sinatra, the man with the golden touch, has a new album, "Songs For Swingin' Lovers!", that is merely sensational. Franki moves through two sides of up-beat standards with the ease of a guy who's among old friends. Nelson Riddle provides staunch support. (Capitol). . . . And if you can't imagine Mary Martin as anyone else but Peter Pan, open your ears to her Columbia album of songs from Cole Porter's "Anything Goes." Porter's words and music are definitely of the low-cut gown variety and so's our Mary's high spirited vocalizing.

Victor's latest singing sensation, Elvis Presley, has albumed a wee bit of his rhythm and blues repertoire. Mississippi's gift to the music world has a pow'ful delivery, mahty pow'ful. . . . Her Nibs, Miss Georgia Gibbs, rocks and rolls like she invented it on the blockbuster "Rock Right," then tries her hand in the rhythm and blues field with "The Greatest Thing." Bullseye, Georgia! (Mercury). . . . Elmer Bernstein's music from the sound track of "Man With The Golden Arm" stands on its own for fine writing in the jazz idiom. With a full orchestra and a combo led by drummer Shelly Manne, the sounds are sometimes wild, sometimes wistful, always wonderful. (Decca). . . . Catch Jerry Tyfer's Wing recording of "I'm So Sorry." The boy's got a baritone that's built for the blues. The flip's a rock and roller, "Hook, Line And Sinker," that Jerry puts in his hip (and we do mean hip) pocket. **END**

"The Bob Crosby Show" is seen Monday through Friday on the CBS-TV network from 3:30 to 4:00 p.m. EDT.



# Trial By Marriage

continued from page 55

worked and now she enjoys game as much as he does.

Guy insisted sturdily (smart man!) that the problems of the interior decorating of the new house were all to be solved by Sheila, evading any masculine responsibility with the gallant remark that he wanted it to be the way *she* wanted it. So he went valiantly to work.

"Only," she says now, with as engaging a giggle as you'd want to hear anywhere, "after it was nearly finished a real interior decorator told me I had done it all backward. Or upside down. Or something."

"I started with a sample square of carpet that I thought I'd like in the living room—a tweedy sort of pattern with several colors in it which seemed to harmonize. Then I tried to use those colors here and there to make a sort of whole."

"Well, anyhow, Guy and I like it and my decorator friend finally made a big concession when she said, 'I really don't see how you achieved such a lovely effect with such unorthodox methods!' That really pleased me—and surprised me—because my methods were not only unorthodox, they were almost accidental!" In my opinion, Sheila is too modest. It's a beautiful room.

One of the things they like to do together is visit a supermarket to buy the family groceries and it was on one of these junkets, early in their marriage, that Guy discovered an endearing trait in his bride. He was busily taking things off shelves and stowing them in the shopping cart when she suddenly nudged him. "Not that coffee," she hissed, in a very ladylike hiss. "Put it back on the shelf!"

"But it's on the list," Guy began. "This is very . . ."

"Shh—" commanded his spouse. "At the market across the street they have a sale on that brand—I read it in the shopping news—and we can save 60c on four pounds." That was the first indication he had had of Sheila's Irish thrift and he loved it, not because he was eager to save 60c but because he thought it was cute.

He has seen many indications of that thrift since and it doesn't surprise him so much any more. But he was a touch astonished when he brought her a white link stole for their first anniversary and her first reaction was, "Ooooooh! Can we afford it?" And not until she was super-assured that it would not dent the budget did she relax into probably the most ecstatic girl in Hollywood.

So you can imagine how Guy felt last Christmas when his gift from Sheila was a special gun she knew he had wanted and which she had had made to order with money she had saved carefully, dollar by dollar, out of her housekeeping and personal allowance. It nearly undid him.

Well, of course no two people ever produce an infant and bring it close to its

first birthday without having some surprises and inevitably some excitement. Sheila, a member of a large family herself, was a bit surprised at first at how gentle and efficient this big outdoor guy of hers was with young Bridget Catherine. She didn't realize that he had a lot of young relatives and children-of-close-friends of his own.

But there came the inevitable crisis, the day when Guy volunteered to mix the baby's formula and mistook some wheat flour he found in the kitchen for the prescribed Pablum.

Bridget Catherine was happily downing the concoction when he discovered, with appropriate horror, his mistake. While he was snatching the baby's bottle from her, amid enraged infantile wails, Sheila was frantically trying to call the doctor. But in her haste she called the first number in her book which was listed under "Dr." and got a somewhat bemused veterinarian.

Of course it was all resolved happily when they reached their real doctor and were assured that a small touch of wheat flour was unlikely to damage their darling. And life resumed, surprises and all.

They are looking forward to their next major surprise this summer when Bridget Catherine will be joined by a new little sister or brother.

Some unexpected things have happened to Guy in connection with his work, too, of late. Having moved into the wide open spaces, he expected to stay there permanently. So now he is surprised, he says, to find himself back in the drawing room in "Hilda Crane," playing opposite Jean Simmons. "I even wear a tie all the time!" he reports.

This sudden yanking him in from the rugged prairie has so unnerved him that he has changed the name of his projected independent production company from "Buckshot" (after his horse in the "Hickok" TV series) to "Romson, Inc." which is a play on his real name of Robert O. Moseley and his screen name of Madison.

"Pictures are a surprising business," he ruminates. "But marriage is more surprising, still. I like it!"

END

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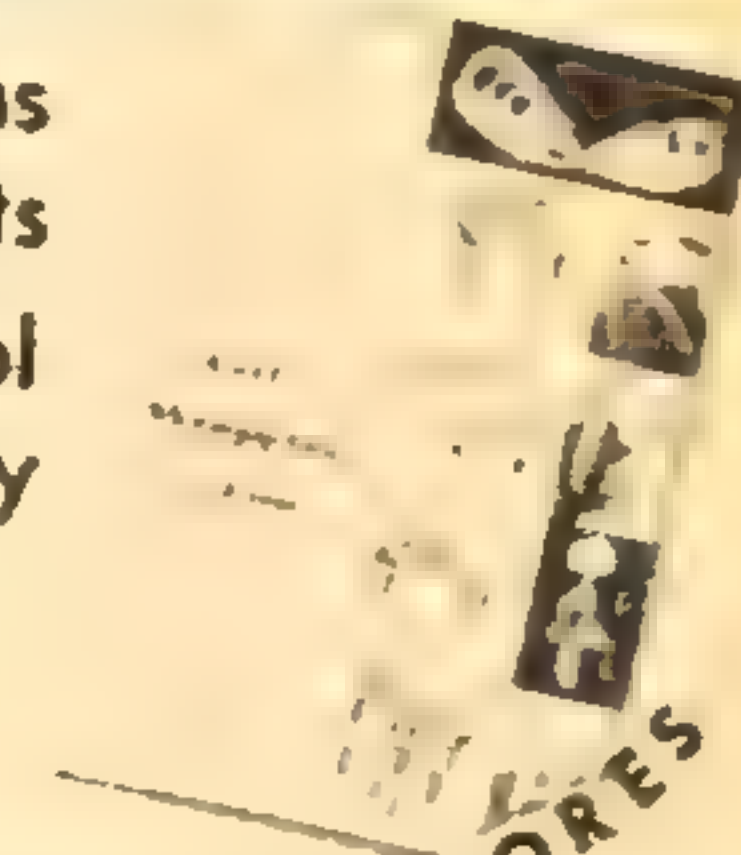
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# Sheilah Graham's Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 15

to him saying that it had been completely rewritten. Dan scanned through it, returned it to the agent with this crisp notation: "Rewriting this is like putting a Band-aid on a leper."

Although at first glance the casting of Marilyn Monroe and Sir Laurence Olivier in "The Sleeping Prince" seemed an incongruous mating of opposites, I've dug down deep and come up with what I think is the correct answer. Both Marilyn and Olivier realize the value of getting her off calendars and into culture, and getting Sir Laurence out of Shakespeare and back into sex appeal. The publicity value alone should be worth the price of the picture, and can't you just imagine the furor Marilyn will cause when she wiggles her way across those sedate British drawing rooms? And I'd love to be a fly on the wall when Olivier introduces Mmmmm to her royal majesty, Queen Elizabeth, who has her own patented blend of femininity and glamor.

I'm frankly skeptical of Kim Novak's statement that she and Mac Krim have "no immediate marriage plans." She's with him all the time now and if she doesn't marry him it will only be from career considerations. . . . Meanwhile, she gets the plum role of the girl opposite Frank Sinatra in "Pal Joey," and that should be very interesting, too. Kim and Frankie became great friends when they made "The Man With The Golden Arm," and it's a friendship that could blossom into more if given proper care.

Someone called with the news that Rock Hudson and his Phyllis are having first year "adjustment" troubles. It's really true that the first year of marriage is always the roughest, and I'm sure that these

two very nice people will be able to solve the problems that are bound to arise in every marriage, and make a success of it. . . . Susan Hayward is a very changed girl these days, even changed the color of her make-up from that ghostly pale pink she wore for so long to a more vivid shade that is much more flattering. . . . And speaking of changes, a great one has also come over Jennifer Jones since the resurgence of her career. She's quite pleasant to talk with now, and that cold reserve that used to freeze off conversation is gone and has been replaced by a warm and friendly attitude.

And Susan Strasberg, the 17-year-old who scored a hit as Kim Novak's kid sister in "Picnic," is wise beyond her years. When asked if she'd changed since becoming a success, Susan replied, "It's funny, when you're successful, it's the people you knew before who really change. They change in their attitude toward you and they almost force you to be different with them." That's something many older actresses I know couldn't diagnose as well.

Audie Murphy doesn't forget those who were kind to him when he was on his way up. The other day he called a press agent friend of mine who had sort of looked after Audie in the lean days and said "Now that I'm making all this money, I want to make an arrangement with you to handle my publicity so that you can have some of it too." Audie's business manager argued he could have hired five press agents for the amount he was paying this one. But Audie insisted. "He's a friend of mine. He did me a lot of favors. Now it's my turn to do one for him." Nice fellow, that Audie. **END**

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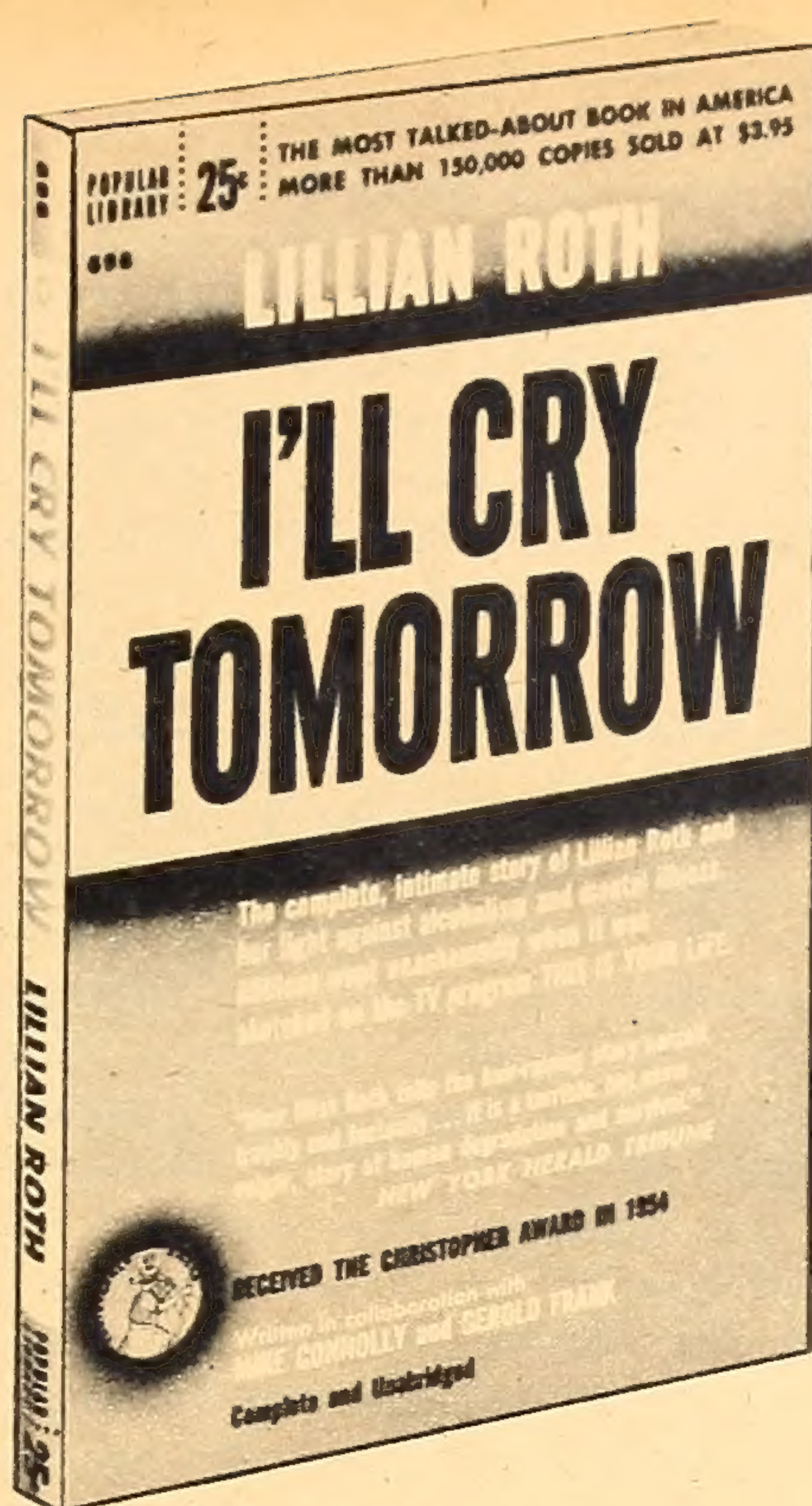
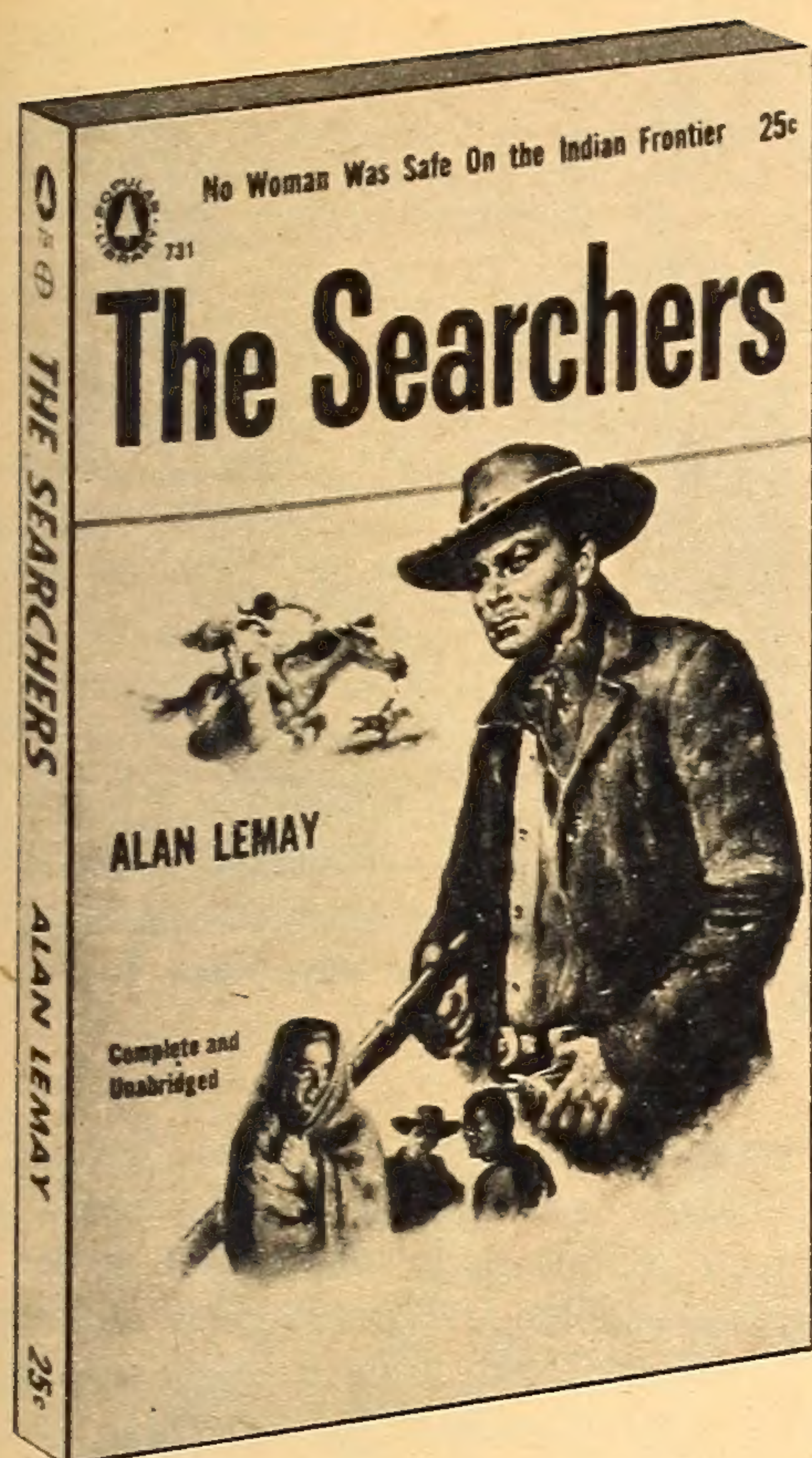
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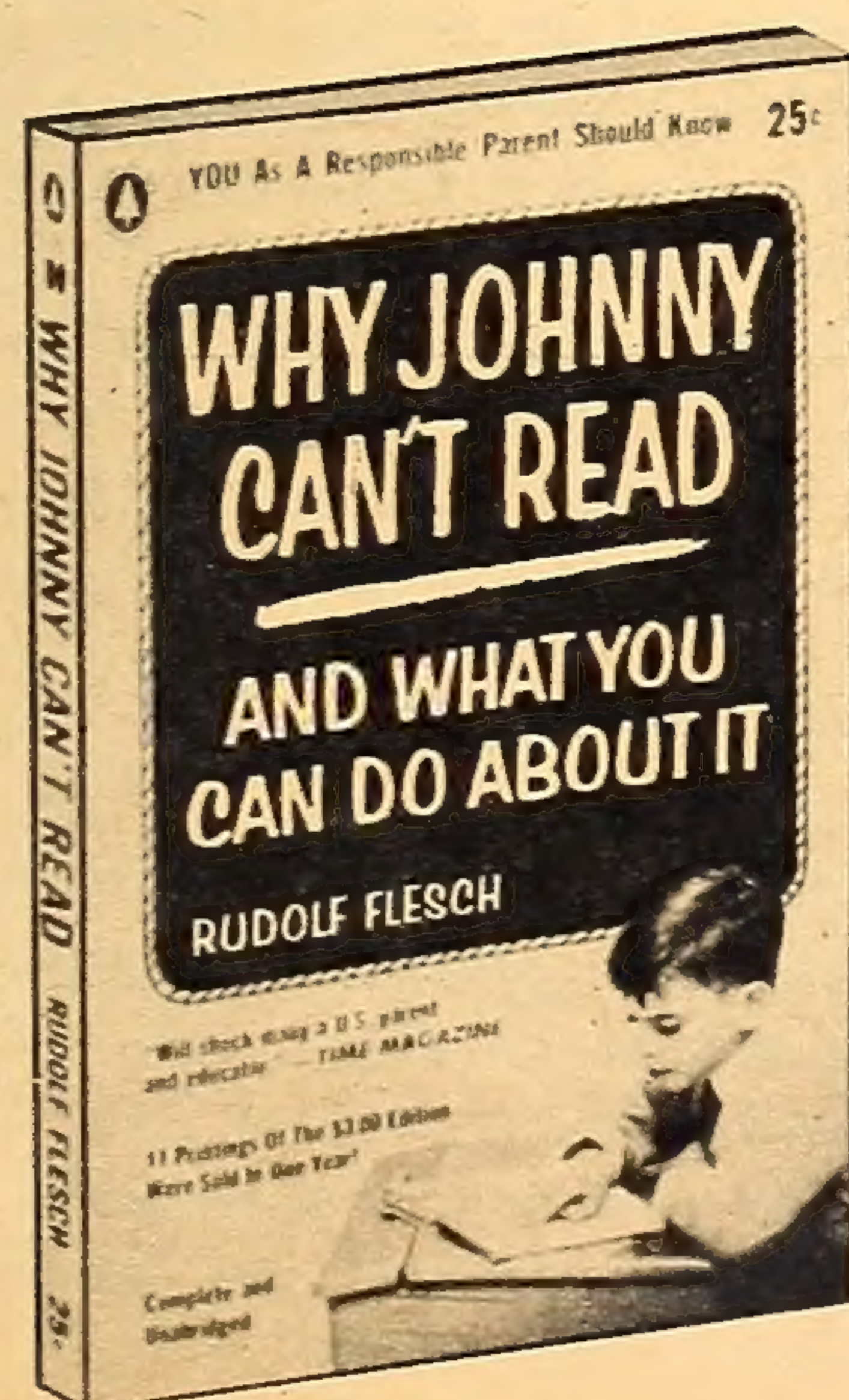


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# Coming Attractions

continued from page 10

dent, because of a resemblance to his dead son. Peck has a hard time trying to hold on to his convictions and not becoming another yes man to the boss. While struggling with his business problems, Peck learns that he has a ten-year-old son in Italy, the product of a wartime romance with poor, lonely Marisa Pavan. Not wanting to shirk his responsibility toward the boy, Peck confesses his indiscretion to Jennifer, hoping for understanding from the woman who's always preaching about being honest in all things. Instead, Jennifer, outraged, runs out of the house, takes the car and goes on a wild drive. While Peck is sweating out the night alone, his boss phones and asks Greg to accompany him to California to launch his pet project. This is Peck's big opportunity, but he turns it down convinced that it is better to be a nine to five man and be close to his family than to become a big shot and lose his family as March has. A powerful drama in De Luxe Color, every member of the cast gives a superb performance. You won't want to miss this one. (20th Century-Fox.)

## Stranger At My Door

**G**UIDED by his belief that one re-deemed sinner is worth a handful of good folk, country preacher Macdonald Carey spares no effort in the reformation of bank robber Skip Homier. For quite a spell, Carey fights a losing battle. While using the preacher's home as a hideout, Homier spends a great part of his time with hand hovering over gun and eyes taking roller-coaster rides over Patricia Medina, Carey's wife. Despite Homier's stubborn penchant for sin, Carey gradually breaks him down, and a fabulous renegade horse plus a freckle-faced boy finish off the job. Fine, unsophisticated drama that shows some amazing horse sense and temperament. (Republic.)

## The Harder They Fall

**J**UST when you think you're inured to seeing human faces smashed to pulp by boxing gloves, along comes a shocker like this. Based on a Budd Schulberg novel and starring Humphrey Bogart with Rod Steiger and Jan Sterling in opposite corners, this is one of the strongest damnations of the prizefighting racket yet shown. An out of work columnist, Bogart is dragged into Steiger's corrupt world of fixed fights and broken men when he agrees to take over the publicity campaign on Steiger's latest find. Fresh from a tiny South American village, Mike Lane has Goliath's body, Simple Simon's brain, and punches like a weary homing pigeon. After Mike is indirectly responsible for killing a man in the ring, and almost being slaughtered himself, Bogart decides to

take wife Jan's advice and shine up his tarnished self-respect. He accomplishes this by getting himself and Mike out of the game while both are still humans. None of the gruesome details are spared and few will be able to take the final ring sequence which mercifully is in black-and-white. (Columbia.)

## Good-bye, My Lady

**T**AKE a boy, Brandon de Wilde, a dog, grizzled philosophizing Walter Brennan, and place them in the heart of Mississippi swampland—the result is a sensitive, warm portrait of a boy about to enter manhood. His parents gone, Brandon was brought up by the illiterate Brennan. Life in the swampland was bleak and barren until Brandon found a strange and unusual dog—an African Basenji. To Brandon, this barkless, tear-shedding hound meant love and companionship he had never known. But as so often happens, youth's first love carries the greatest heartbreak. The dog's true owner finally turns up. Brandon is forced to weigh his right to keep the dog. The decision should come as no big surprise unless you came in after the picture started and missed the title. (Warner Bros.)

## A Day Of Fury

**T**HERE'S nothing like a gunfighter to stir things up a bit in a peaceful community. Take the citizens of *West End*, the most exciting event they were looking forward to the day Dale Robertson rode into town, was spiking the punch at Marshall Jock Mahoney's wedding to Mara Corday. Then, in a matter of minutes, the wedding's cancelled, the townspeople slowly shed their halos of respectability, and by nightfall, everything is so loose at the seams, Marshall Mahoney is dang-near lynched. It isn't until the town's preacher is shot dead, the old maid school-teacher commits suicide, a juvenile delinquent is reckoned with, and Robertson slumps to the floor of a saloon, that everyone sobers up. An arty-type Western that leaps with reckless Technicolor abandon into all sorts of warped emotions and reappears on the surface slightly worse for the dunking. (Universal-International.)

## The Man Who Knew Too Much

**F**OLLOWING a Paris medical convention, Doctor James Stewart packs himself and family, Doris Day and their son, off to French Morocco for a well-deserved vacation. What happens to them in mysterious Technicolor North Africa isn't covered by any of the tourist guide books but it sure is standard formula for Alfred Hitchcock. Right off the bat, a heavily-



**DORIS DAY** finds herself in the middle of a nightmare in "Man Who Knew Too Much."

accented stranger attaches himself to Stewart. An English couple make ordinary middle-class sounds but strike impressionable Doris as cloak-and-dagger material. Then, when a dying man gasps a cryptic message to Stewart, he and Doris find themselves in the middle of a nightmare. To keep Stewart from turning the information over to the authorities, his son is kidnapped. Afraid to enlist the aid of the police, it remains for Stewart alone to find the boy and clear up a sticky international situation. Every elementary approach to suspense and all the stock gimmicks are used, which might be a clue as to why the stars often seem just a little too precious. (Paramount.)

## Gaby

**H**ER parents killed during the Nazi invasion of France, ballet dancer Leslie Caron knows the pain of losing someone loved. Certainly, wartime Britain is scarcely the time or place to recover her balance. Onto this thin emotional ice G.I. John Kerr charges with each last measure of his boyish charm unfurled. A 48-hour leave spent with him changes Leslie into an ecstatic young creature who shows one flash of sensibility. She packs an all too eager Kerr off to his barracks the night before he's due to be shipped out. When word comes that Kerr is killed, Leslie is guilt-stricken. To "atone" for the fancied wrong he suffered by her refusal, Leslie puts an end to merely serving doughnuts and coffee at the canteen. There are other Gallic goodies service men would prefer. Of course, a naive Kerr reappears with an offer of marriage. Leslie honorably refuses, but a buzz bomb has the courtesy to blast them back into one another's arms. An Eastman Color remake of Robert Sherwood's "Waterloo Bridge" that sags too much at the point of stress to carry much of the original's weighty drama. (MGM.)

END





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